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KING DEBS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE REPUBLICAN SILVER MOVEMENT.

When Senator Lodge first brought forth his proposition to force England by a tariff war to abandon her own monetary system and to adopt bimetallism, the self-evident foolishness of the scheme seemed to set almost the whole Republican press against it. The party vote it received in the Senate appeared only as an occasional manœuvre to "put the Democrats in a hole." There was general astonishment when Mr. Reed of Maine, who passed for an able politician and a steadfast champion of a sound currency, in a public utterance countenanced the idea with apparent seriousness. Still, it was looked upon as the case of another politician too smart for his own good. But when several Republican State conventions, East and West, passed resolutions either directly or indirectly favoring the Lodge scheme, or even going so far as positively to demand free silver coinage, the matter, which originally had been only a personal one, assumed the proportions of a political movement, and a movement, too, peculiarly wicked in view of the surrounding circumstances.

The unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act last year produced a situation eminently discouraging to the agitators for free coinage. Their hope to bring the country upon a silver basis by the constant accumulation of silver in the Treasury, and a corresponding drain of the gold reserve, was completely dashed. They knew that any free coinage or similar measure they might succeed in pushing through Congress would be promptly vetoed by President Cleveland, and that they would not be able to overcome the veto. During Mr. Cleveland's term at least they knew they would be powerless. Meanwhile the number and importance of Southern business men pronouncing against the silver lunacy was constantly increasing, and there was good reason for expecting that the revival of business likely to follow the passage of the tariff bill in any shape would have the effect of quieting the silver agitation, just as the business revival following the resumption of specie payments in 1880 had quieted the greenback-inflation craze, which at one time had seemed irresistible. In short, there was a most flattering prospect that we might soon be able to take up the monetary problem without being disturbed by a popular "craze" of any importance, and with a strong probability of a rational settlement. All that seemed necessary was that the friends of a sound currency should firmly stand to their colors.

The Republicans claimed credit for having brought about this promising situation by furnishing in Congress the votes needed for the repeal of the silver-purchase act; and this credit was not denied them. They pretended to be *the* sound-money party, and this pretension was widely accepted as well founded. In fact, the credit thus gained, together with the disgust created by the misconduct of the Democratic majority in the Senate, and the probability that the tariff question would in the near future be a less important issue in our party contests, gave the Republicans the finest possible chance to re-establish themselves in power. According to all appearances, nothing could deprive the Republicans of this re-establishment but some act of bad faith, of demagogy, or of folly, calculated to prove them as a party to be no more, or even less, trustworthy than the Democrats. And just such an act they are now in the way of committing by their reckless dalliance with the silver heresy. They could do no more vicious turn to the country than by this introduction of a new element of uncertainty in a situation otherwise so hopeful of a satisfactory outcome, and at the same time they can do no more vicious turn to themselves.

If this wholly unexpected Republican silver movement had remained confined to a few demagogues among their leaders, or to the States under strong Populist influence, it would not be disquieting. But when the Republican Convention of so conservative a State as Vermont shows symptoms of infection, the disease is evidently attacking the best parts of the Republican organization. We must conclude either that the Republican party has never been as sound with regard to the financial question as it pretended or as it was believed to be, or that it has irredeemably fallen under the control of the selfish interests built up by the protective tariff, which now in their desperation seek an alliance with the silver fanatics, and are ready to sacrifice all public interests for the sole end of saving for themselves the benefit of excessive tariff duties, or that it permits itself to be seduced by the reckless schemes of some unscrupulous pushers who think it a smart thing, and an advantageous one for themselves, to make a bid for the silver vote, regardless of the consequences to the country. Whichever of these explanations be the correct one, certain it is that the more this movement spreads the more dangerous it will become to the general interest, and the more it will discredit and dishonor the Republican party.

But there is one feature of this business which should not pass without observation, for it discloses startling depths of demoralization among our public men. The immediate impulse to this new Republican silver movement as it manifests itself in State conventions was given by Senator Lodge's proposition to force Great Britain into bimetallism by a tariff war. Now whatever we may think of Mr. Lodge, he certainly cannot be so consummate an idiot as to believe that there is the faintest shadow of a possibility to bring about international bimetallism, if it were otherwise feasible, by such a policy of coercion. As a sane person, Mr. Lodge will have to admit that such an idea is, as to its practicability, too absurd for argument, and that he set afloat his proposition knowing it to be utterly incapable of execution. This is simply shocking. We do not mean to be unnecessarily harsh in our judgment of a political trick resorted to for partisan or even for personal advantage, provided no public interest of moment be put in jeopardy. But when a Senator of the United States proposes an important measure, and thereby starts a movement not only endangering the credit and the usefulness of his own party, but also giving new courage and strength to evil tendencies which have long been threatening the country with disaster, and which without this strengthening would be likely soon to lose their disturbing power, and when that Senator does this knowing that in point of practicability his proposition is an arrant humbug, such conduct is immoral in the extreme. It is unmitigated demagogy of the lowest and most iniquitous sort. We remember nothing similar in our recent political history that surpasses it in downright wickedness and depravity. That young "scholar in politics" is rapidly becoming the evil genius of the Republican party, in the same way that Gorman and Hill have earned for themselves this title on the Democratic side.

SUPPRESS THE REBELLION.

A powerful conspiracy is at work over large sections of the country striving to subvert the government of law and to impose on the nation the decrees of the conspirators. Its chiefs are open and defiant in declaring their purpose; they are already supported and obeyed by two hundred thousand misguided men, and other hundreds of thousands are wavering in their allegiance to the republic, and seem ready to join the rebels if any weakness is shown or mistake made by the authorities whom the people have intrusted with their protection. Eugene V. Debs and his fellow-demagogues long ago avowed that they would unite in an association the railway workingmen of the country, so that all should obey a single will, promising that then a general suspension of traffic and intercourse ordered by its head would so evidently portend the utter ruin of the nation that the mere threat of it would extort from every community and every employer of labor compliance with its demands. They have prosecuted this plan with wonderful vigor, until now, believing that their organization is strong enough to defy opposition, they have made a wanton display of their power, in order to terrorize society and show themselves its masters. There is no longer even the empty pretext, with which the Pullman boycott began, of a wrong done to somebody which the public were to be forced to force somebody else to redress. The avowed aim of the American Railway Union, with its allies, the Knights of Labor and kindred associations, is to subjugate the people of the United States, to extort from the nation the control and management of its highways, intercourse, and commerce, and place them in the hands of irresponsible imitators of Jack Cade and Perkin Warbeck.

Much hair-splitting has been done in discussing the lawfulness of the course pursued by the managers of this so-called "strike." Their boast from the first was that they would stop all traffic, and extort their demands by the consequent general suffering. In pursuance of this end they took the measures which were best adapted to secure it. They distinctly announced their purposes, and then "called out" one after another of the bodies of working-men whose services are most essential. But the number of unemployed and unorganized laborers was so great that the mere cessation of work by the members of the unions would not suffice. Their places could be filled in a short time by men in extreme need of employment. Throughout the region of the strike, accordingly, the followers of Debs began a systematic effort to carry out his declared policy and to obey his implied orders. They established a reign of terror over their fellow-workers who were unwilling to join them, or who, because they and their families were starving, could not afford to forego their wages. No man must be permitted to do the work they had abandoned. On every line of railroad affected by the strike violence was used or threatened to any extent which was necessary to obstruct it. Property was destroyed and life imperilled without scruple. The general situation for several days, as recognized by the labor leaders and by the entire public, was one of open war, to the extent that the railroad companies were exerting all the means in their control to keep their lines open, with an ample force of willing workmen ready to serve them, while the strikers and their allies, including every disorderly and dangerous element of the population, confronted them at all points with force and prevented the movement of trains. Volunteer workmen were assaulted and injured, switches were turned, couplings detached and broken, station-houses burned, engines and cars destroyed, and in at least one case a committee appointed for the purpose by a meeting of union men made a destructive attack on railway property.

Through all this time Debs and his fellow-councilmen continued to announce daily through the press that they countenance no violence, and to call on the men to exercise simply their individual right of refusing to work. This impudent falsehood is taken seriously by some journalists, whose credulity is too great to be sincere. No adult who has ever learned to read is so silly as to be imposed on by it. Yet when writers in daily journals assure the public that any interference with this conspiracy by the authorities is an extreme measure, that a "compromise" is desirable with the strikers, that, in particular, the use of force by the United States to prevent a commercial blockade is a questionable strain upon the constitutional powers of the government, it is time to give clear expression to the principles of public law applicable to this emergency, though not so much of special learning in the law as of simple candor and of the common-sense of mankind is needed to understand them.

The purpose of interfering with the trade and intercourse of the community is an unlawful purpose. When men combine to effect an unlawful purpose, even by acts each of which may be in itself no offence, they are guilty of conspiracy, and all who abet them, knowing their purpose, share the guilt. When the traffic with which they aim to interfere crosses State lines, the offence is against the general government, which has exclusive control of commerce between the States. When the methods pursued by these men are such that violence, disorder, the destruction of property and life, result from them as their natural and probable consequences, the men are themselves guilty of the crimes they have provoked and caused. When an organized and armed body of men resist by force or threats the officers of the national government in their efforts to enforce the laws and to protect traffic which crosses State lines, they are guilty of levying war against the United States; and every one who instigates or abets them, by word or deed, lends aid and comfort to the enemies of the republic, and is, not only morally, but legally, a traitor to his country.

These are elementary and settled principles of the criminal law. It is the duty of the President to enforce them, and of all citizens to sustain him, and if need be to aid him in doing so to the extreme limit of their power, with their services, their fortunes, and their lives. He must use the force of the United States in this duty, beginning with the civil authorities, supporting them in case of need with the army, and if this be insufficient, calling out an adequate force of militia and volunteers. The issue is one which involves the existence of the government, and there has been no crisis in all our history the facts of which made a stronger appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people as a whole to make every necessary sacrifice for its preservation. The one duty of the hour is to crush the rebellion, to assert the right and the power of our free institutions to protect themselves against usurpation and anarchy.

But at this momentous crisis voices are heard in public office and in the press calling for compromise, and protesting against the execution of the laws. The Mayor of Springfield encourages rioters to obstruct trains. The Mayor of Chicago, with half his "city fathers" at his heels, begs the community to yield to the intimidations of the mob. The Governor of Illinois, in the light of burning property and amid the howls of furious throngs bent on cutting off the food of his citizens and destroying their traffic, informs the President of the United States that interference by him with the people of Illinois is unjustifiable. While the traffic of his chief city is nearly stopped, and its streets and highways are occupied by an armed mob, who forcibly suppress every effort to transport passengers and freight, and sentence to death working-men who strive to earn

honest wages, this anarchist solemnly asserts that "the law has been thoroughly executed, and every man guilty of violating it during the strike has been brought to justice." These words are applied by him literally to the great mining strike in the coal-fields of Illinois recently ended, but are cunningly so inserted in the despatch as to impress the reader with the belief that they are meant to be asserted of the present strike also. In fact, they are as false of the one as of the other. All these blatant demagogues are simply bidding for the votes of laboring-men, whom they believe to be so deeply and permanently deluded that they will give political support to officers who have betrayed their trust. They will find out their mistake. The strike leaders themselves look with utter contempt on such shuffling imbecility.

The men in office who in critical times have won the lasting confidence of all the people, even of the stuff that the worst mobs are made of, are the men who have resisted every mob and all disorder to the death, and have asserted, without regard to the cost in money or in lives, the authority of orderly government.

The lesson of the supremacy of law must be taught promptly, effectually, and to all. If the first lesson must needs be given by the bayonet and the bullet, it will be in every way cheapest and best to administer it in the first clear case of resistance to authority. When order is restored, and it becomes an undisputed fact that any man wishing to do an honest day's work on a railroad or elsewhere shall be free to do so, in spite of DEBS and all his minions, it will be time enough to consider the other aspects of this great social disturbance. Crush the terrorism which forbids working-men to earn bread for their families, and soon the arrogant plot to stop the commerce of a nation in order to glorify and strengthen a few irresponsible demagogues will die out of itself. The normal course of the markets will be restored, the mails will go forward, industrious citizens can freely go out to their work and return to their homes, a hundred thousand families now suffering by the enforced idleness of their heads will again be properly fed, and all the countless wheels of commerce will cheerfully turn again. But, most important of all, the most serious menace which during this generation has been directed against the free society of this land will have ended in a failure so complete that it cannot be renewed. These events disclose a real danger to our institutions, and to civilization itself; but it lies only in this, that some public men, and even some journalists, are weak enough in mind and character to suggest a compromise with crime, a yielding of the majesty of law before the dictates of a mob. That way lies ruin. One step in that direction is a sacrifice of what makes the republic glorious in its past or worth preserving for its future. Until the rebellion is suppressed, all differences of opinion concerning its origin, or the merits of the parties to the dispute out of which it grew, are irrelevant to the issue of the hour, and must wait for the future.

Present action must clear the field for future discussion.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE HOUSE.

THE tariff bill passed the Senate on the evening of July 3d by a vote of 39 to 34. The only Democrat who voted against the measure was Senator HILL. The bill has gone to the House, and its ultimate fate will be settled in conference. As it went from the Senate it was deserving of defeat. It is true that the scandalous sugar schedule had been modified, but it is not yet what it ought to be. And it is certain that the House will make a vigorous struggle to deprive the trust of whatever protection it may have in the bill, and to reduce the tax on raw sugar. The House will also endeavor, and with promise of success, to secure the restoration of iron ore and coal to the free list, and the reduction of taxes on products of iron, wool, and cotton. It ought also to insist on striking out the income tax.

The opportunity afforded to the House is unexpectedly great. Although the investigation of the sugar scandal has not resulted in the discovery that any Senator except the unfortunate Mr. McPHERSON has speculated in the trust securities, the country has been precisely informed of the corrupt character of the relations of the trust to both political parties, and such an outcry has arisen in consequence that the question asked in the last issue of the WEEKLY, "Will they [the sugar Senators] dare to withstand the whole country?" has been partially answered. It is probable that GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH, but for the revelations made by HAVEMEYER and SEARLES, would not have voted for the bill after the clause extending the McKINLEY act to January 1, 1895, had been struck out, and it is almost certain that a month ago CAFFERY and BLANCHARD would have voted against it after the adoption of the amendment repealing the bounty immediately. As it was, CAFFERY voted no on the first roll-call and BLANCHARD abstained from voting to emphasize their indignation at the Senate's "desertion" of the cause of raw sugar. Public opinion and popular indignation have forced these concessions from the sugar trust and planters. They were voluntary in the Senate, and they signify that the House, supported as it is by the country, has an opportunity such as was not hoped for a short time ago to compel the final passage of a real tariff reform bill.

When it was announced that it was the intention of Senator JONES to move an amendment to the schedule changing the date on which the new sugar tax shall take effect from January 1, 1895, to that on which the bill becomes a law, and that the House would insist on striking out not only the discriminating duty of one-tenth of a cent, which is aimed directly at Germany, but the one-eighth of a cent differential duty which is in aid of the trust, and that some Senators on the Democratic side would concur, hope revived in honest hearts.

If this were accomplished there would remain a duty of forty per cent. on all sugars, which would give to the trust the protection of that rate on the difference between the cost of raw and refined sugars. This doubtless will be more than ample, and it may be that eventually the majority of tariff-reformers will be willing to yield that much protection for the sake of putting a vexed question at rest, and in order to hasten the revival of business, which is believed to be waiting on the passage of some tariff bill.

The sugar schedule was the result of a bargain which was all-pervasive, and it was supposed that on the keeping of the contract depended the passage of any tariff bill whatever. But the parties to the contract not only went too far, and insisted on too much for the trust, but the country was eventually thoroughly informed of the character of the negotiation and the basis of the proposed tax. Any change whatever suggested by a Senator who was a party to the compact is a sign of weakness that ought to inspire the House with hope and courage.

In the first place, it is to be remembered that a majority of the Democratic Senators are sincerely opposed to the sugar schedule, and that the administration would prefer a change from a scheme of taxation that is intended simply to add to abnormal profits of the trust. They have been forced into acceptance and into a certain appearance of championship of the trust by what they have regarded as strenuous party circumstances. Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. CARLISLE, Senator JONES, and other Democratic leaders early made up their minds that the trust and the planters must be satisfied, or that Senators HILL, GORMAN, BRICE, SMITH, and the two Louisiana Senators would vote against any tariff bill. This meant defeat of tariff reform during Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. Upon this, a capital blunder was committed. The Democratic leaders abandoned the struggle for real tariff reform, and began a negotiation for a sham tariff reform, hoping to be able to cheat the people into believing that the business revival, which would probably set in before the Presidential election of 1896, would be credited to whatever tariff legislation the Democratic Congress enacted and the Democratic President approved. So the sugar trust and the sugar Senators have had their own way, until the investigation of the scandal resulted in disclosures which aroused the country, and the administration and the Democratic party heard the demand that the McKINLEY act should be permitted to stand rather than that a corrupt and populistic measure should be permitted to take its place in the abused name of reform.

The intimation that some Senators are prepared to yield to a demand of the public for lower sugar duties and a more honest tariff bill was a good sign, and better even than the actual changes made in the bill was the exceedingly close vote, 34 to 35, on an amendment striking out the trust's differential of one-eighth of a cent a pound. In this vote there was no breach in the line of the Democrats who agreed to stand by the bill as it was made by the caucus and the compromises. The vote which saved the trust was Mr. QUAY'S, who was the only Republican who supported the refiners. The five votes that went with the Republicans against the trust were ALLEN, KYLE, PEFFER, HILL, and IRBY, none of whom had agreed to vote for the bill. If, therefore, even one Democratic Senator can be forced to renounce the bargain, which, as he has learned since he promised to support the bill, is tainted with corruption, the trust can be defeated, and a tariff-reform bill can be secured.

Everything rests with the House. Although the administration can do much to assist, it is on the House that the country must depend. The chances are greatly in favor of success if the House will show the determination that the occasion and the cause demand. Whether the Democratic party shall pass a bill which it can defend, or one which will lead to its disastrous overthrow, because besides being a sham and pretence it is also corrupt, will be determined by the House conferrees.

AN EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

IT is understood that a proposition to vest the election of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Regents of the University is considered favorably by the Committee on Education of the New York Constitutional Convention, and will in due time be reported to that body for its action. It is auspicious, both for the character of the proposition and the prospects of its incorporation in the organic law, that it will proceed from the committee with substantial unanimity. In the convention it will be advocated by leading delegates of both parties, and there can be no question of its adoption and submission to the people.

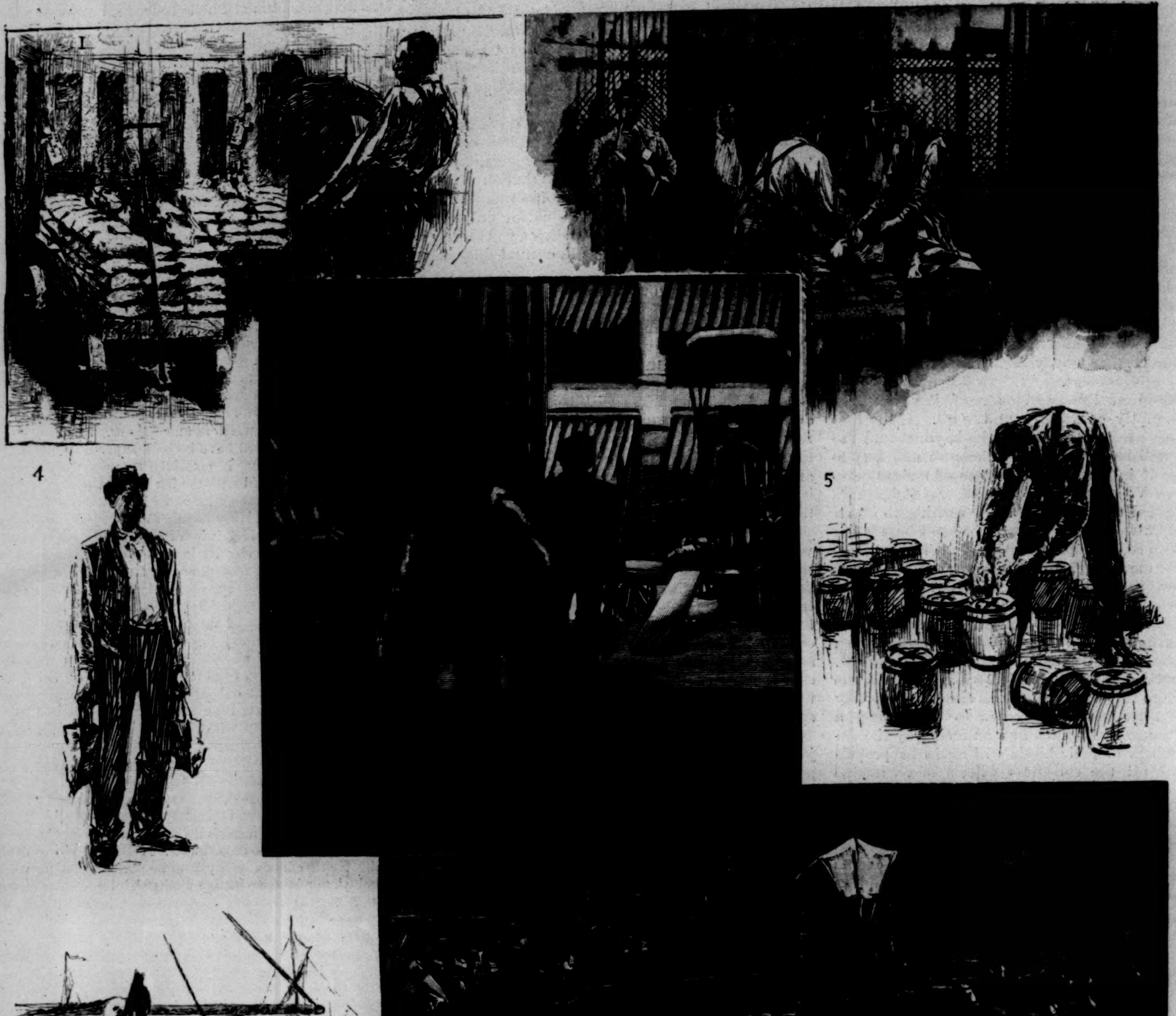
Its inspiration is obvious, and that in the desire of intelligent friends of education to relieve, so far as practicable, the conduct of its various systems from political influences. There is, of course, no department of government that should be so free from partisan inclination as that of education, and yet it is to the reproach of New York, which in many respects has conserved admirably the educational interests of her people, that she has permitted too much of the evil indicated to obtain, and that especially in the management of her elementary schools. This is true of city boards, too often the creatures of ward caucuses, of county commissioners quite as often the makeshifts of convention compromises, and of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, chosen almost uniformly for his skill as a manipulator of votes rather than for his worth as an educator. That some of the officials thus evolved have become superior to the method of their production is certainly to their credit, but the method has endured with the lax or dictatorial supervision, the incompetent subordinates with credentials from local bosses, and the tendency to subordinate educational weal to political behests which it involves. A drastic reform would at once resolve the elective into the appointive scheme, with lengthened tenures and removals for cause, but this would probably be so repugnant to the democratic sentiment of the commonwealth, fortified as it is by the generally beneficent operation of the Constitution of 1846, as to render it inexpedient and impracticable, but a movement in the right direction may be made by taking the department of public instruction from the domain of party politics.

There is no need to rehearse the story of how this supreme and sacred trust has been time and again abused and degraded, or how those who have held it have been fashioned by the machinery of party, and have in turn constructed machines for personal profit and partisan aggrandizement. It is a story as familiar as lamentable. The evil should be summarily remedied, and that remedy may be applied by the Convention at the request of the committee.

The committee suggests nothing revolutionary concerning the functions of the department. They will not be disturbed. Neither its authority is to be abridged, its jurisdiction limited, nor its constitution changed. Its head will still be the head of the common-school system, invested with all the powers—and they are very considerable—that he now possesses. He will not be the servant of the Regents; he will be the master within his own sphere, although in deriving his commission from them he will be likely to act in harmony with them. Friction between the elementary and higher branches of education, which has sometimes occurred, will thus be avoided, and this is most desirable. There should be harmony between the two, but this does not imply either the persuasion or propriety of unification, even if it were attainable, which at present it probably is not, delicate and perplexing as would be the adjustments required, and determined against it as are the convictions of many who have given it serious thought. It is not proposed to vary or to modify a single feature of existing systems of education.

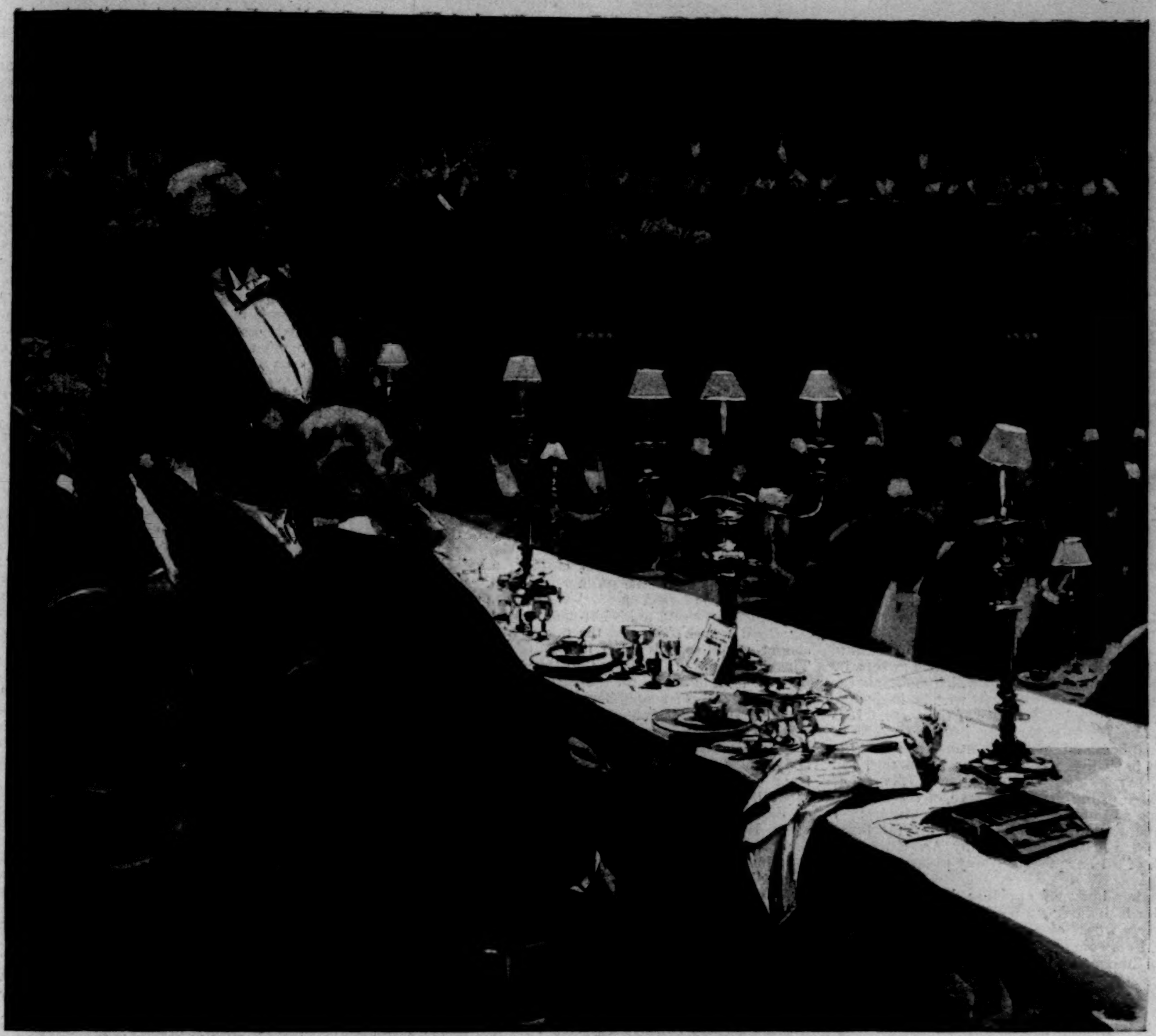
The new departure is simply as to the mode of election. The Regents are the most convenient, conservative, and serviceable agents in whom to confide such election, while still preserving the integrity and independence of public-school administration.

It is not essential in this connection to review the work which the Regents have done through the century of their being, nor to emphasize the opportunities for still larger usefulness which recent legislation has afforded them, but it is true that their composition, their disposition, and their usages would be the assurance that through them politics would be eliminated in the selection of the superintendent, who would be chosen in the same manner and for the same term as is the secretary of the board. The Regents have, indeed, been elected by the same body, viz., the Legislature, as have the superintendent and United States Senators, but membership in the board, with the life tenure attached to it and non-compensated service, has informed them with a dignity and a sense of responsibility inconsistent with political bias in their official action. This is in the nature of things. It commends itself *a priori*, but it is also justified historically. Some fresh illustrations are notably pertinent. Four years ago GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was unanimously elected Chancellor by a board which was almost wholly opposed to him politically, but he was by his eminence as a scholar, and his long and distinguished career as a Regent, entitled to the distinction, which was freely bestowed. Upon his death another scholar was preferred as his successor, and WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, who had but a year previously been elected a Regent by a Democratic Legislature, was made Vice-Chancellor. In the selection of its secretaries and clerical force the board has always been equally solicitous that its appointments should be significant of their educational and effective quality, and not of their political affiliations. So it would appear that the Regents may safely be trusted to choose the superintendent, and that thus that official may be preferred by educational standards. These are the proper standards, and thus far no better nor no more rational plan has been outlined than that the Regents should enforce them.



HOW ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD IS SHIPPED.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

1. In the United States Sub-Treasury Vaults—The bags of Gold on Trucks, ready for Delivery. 2. The Delivery—Counting by Sacks containing $5000 each. 3. Gold leaving the Treasury. 4. Fifty Thousand Dollars makes a good Load—Ninety-one Pounds in each Hand. 5. At the Bank—Sealing the Kegs. 6. The Truck with One Million Dollars in Gold passing up the Street toward the Steamer. 7. Hoisting the Gold Aboard. 8. The Vault in the Ship's Hold.



THE SPEECH OF THE EVENING.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE more immaterial part of the banquet was about to begin. The guests had made an end of eating, and the waiters were filling the small cups with black coffee and passing boxes of cigars and cigarettes. At the five long tables which gridironed the great room the hum of conversation rose higher and higher, while at the shorter table raised on the platform at the western end of the hall there was almost silence as the men who were to make speeches saw the oratorical moment approaching. The musicians, hidden behind a screen of greenery, were playing a medley of the latest popular airs; and here and there at the tables below a little group of the diners now and again took up a chorus with intermittent energy, to the amusement of the ladies who were arriving and filling rapidly the broad boxes in the galleries.

The organizers of the dinner had felt that it was a great occasion, and they had sought to make it memorable artistically. The severe white of the beautifully proportioned concert-hall was relieved by foliage plants massed and scattered with a delicate understanding of decorative effect; against the absolutely colorless walls with their carved caryatides were palms in pots; gayly colored silken banners floated down from the ceiling; and everywhere, on the ceiling and the walls and the balconies and the platforms, the electric lights glowed and twinkled, illuminating the lofty hall with steady brilliancy.

Near the eastern end of one of the long tables there sat a young man—at least he was barely thirty. He was so placed that he had before him the whole scene. He had an uninterrupted view of the raised table where the speakers were absorbed in self-communion. He commanded the entrance to the gallery opposite, and he could see the ladies as they arrived in little groups eager for the unwonted pleasure of attendance at a great public dinner. He could hear the feminine chatter rising shrill above the masculine babble below. He gazed at the boxes curiously, as though he did not know any of the ladies in them; and he remained quiet while the diners about him at that end of the table exchanged salutations with the occupants of one box or another. Apparently he had few if any acquaintances even on the floor of the hall, for he sat silent and alone, the men on each side of him being engaged in conversation with their neighbors.

Seemingly his solitude was lightly borne, and he found solace for it in amused observation of the gathering. He lighted his own cigar, and was soon helping to make the blue haze which hung over the tables, rising in time almost to the level of the boxes in the long balconies.

Yet he was not averse from conversation, and when his right-hand neighbor turned back to pick up a fresh cigarette, he took occasion to say, "It isn't usual to let ladies in at dinners here in New York, is it?"

"No," his right-hand neighbor responded, with a slight but obvious German accent, "I don't think it is. I've been lifing in New York for a long vile now—most eleven years—and I never saw it before."

Then the right-hand neighbor, having lighted his cigarette, sat back in his chair again and resumed his interrupted talk with the man on the other side of him.

The young man, who was apparently a stranger, was allowed to keep silence only for a minute or two, as his left-hand neighbor, with whom he had been talking during most of the dinner, now dropped into conversation again.

"I thought it was about time they did that," said the neighbor, indicating the waiters who were removing the potted orange-trees and the sugar trophies from the upper table. "Now we can see who's who."

"I suppose those are the more distinguished guests?" the young man suggested.

"Most of the men who are going to make speeches are up there," the neighbor responded. "Hello! hello! there's Alexander Macgregor down at that end there—the one with the full red beard. He's the president of the St. Andrew's Society. He's a first-rate American too, for all he was born in Edinburg, you know. He's the man they call the 'Star-spangled Scotchman.'"

"And who is that clean-shaved, clean-looking, fair-haired man next to him?" asked the young man.

"That?" the neighbor replied. "That's—oh, I forget his name—but he's the president of the St. George's Society, I think. He's an Englishman—that is, he was; I suppose he's been naturalized—but then you can never tell about Englishmen, can you? They will live in a place for years, and they will be Britons to the backbone all the time."

"Who is the presiding officer?" was the next question.

"Don't you know *him?*" the neighbor retorted. "Why, that's Crowninshield Eliot, the lawyer. He used to be president of the New England Society. He's a clever man, and he makes a rattling good speech sometimes; but then he's mighty uncertain. He may speak well or he may make a bad break. A speech from him is a regular grab-bag—you never know what you are going to have. But things don't get rusty when he is around, I tell you. You can rely on him to wake all the other speakers up. And I guess we shall have some fun before we get through; it isn't often you see so many representative New-Yorkers together; it's really a typical gathering."

The young man made no response to this, being for the moment busy with his own ironic thoughts.

"Now there's a man who will make the fur fly if he gets a chance," continued the loquacious neighbor—"that tall, thin, dignified-looking man, with the black goatee and mustache—that's Colonel Fairfax. He's secretary of the Southern Society—all rebels, you know, but reconstructed by this time, most of them. He's district attorney for the second term now, and you ought to hear him talk to a jury. He could get a verdict against the angel Gabriel for stealing the silver trumpet. When I was on the Grand Jury last year he—"

Here the young man's neighbor interrupted himself to say: "Hello! hello! that is odd, isn't it? Right next to Colonel Fairfax is the man who was foreman of our Grand Jury. I didn't catch sight of him till that waiter took away that candy Statue of Liberty. See him? The bald one with the scar on his jaw—it's a bullet wound he got at Shiloh. That's S. Colfax Morrison. He was major of the 200th Ohio, but he's been living in New York for ten years now, at least. That's 'the Ohio idea' they talk about: to come to New York to live as soon as they can. I was born in Ohio myself."

And the talker let his loquacity taper off into a laugh, in which the young man joined courteously.

There was a sudden diminution of the roar of talk as the gentleman sitting in the middle of the raised table rose to his feet and rapped for silence. Even in the boxes, now filled to overflowing with ladies, the chatter ceased as the man who had been selected to preside over the dinner began his remarks by recalling the event they had met to commemorate. In felicitous phrases and with neatly turned strokes of humor he declared the reason why they were assembled together. And when he had made an end of this he announced that the first toast of the evening would be "New York, the Empire City, sitting at the Gates of Commerce and holding the Highways of Trade."

There was a burst of applause and a pushing back of chairs as all the guests rose with their glasses in their hands. Then the presiding officer prepared to introduce the speaker who was to make the response to this important toast.

"I saw only this morning," he began again, "the report of some remarks made by a Senator from Nevada in which New York was called a 'city of kites and crows.' There are Congressmen who cannot open their mouths without disseminating miscellaneous misinformation; and the only appropriate retort would be with the plain-spoken bowie of the mining-camp, or with the unambiguous derringer of Nevada. No adequate answer is possible in the sterilized vocabulary permitted to us by the conventions of modern society. And yet it is well that once in a while New York should assert herself, that she should celebrate herself, that she should rest from her mighty labors, if only for a moment, to contemplate her own great work. We are fortunate in having with us here to-night a man who can do justice to this imposing theme, a man who loves New York as we all love her, who is proud of New York as we are all proud of her, a man whom there is no need for me to introduce to an assembly of New-Yorkers. Works of supererogation are discountenanced, and who is there here who does not know Horace Chauncy?"

As the chairman ceased, the gentleman who had been sitting at his right rose, and immediately there was great applause from all parts of the hall. Men clapped their hands, and rapped upon the table with the handles of their fruit-knives. Even the ladies in the boxes waved their handkerchiefs.

Then as the chairman, having done his duty, took his seat, there was the customary hum of anticipated enjoyment, dying away swiftly as Mr. Chauncy prepared to speak.

The left-hand neighbor of the young man down at the far

end of the long table turned to him again, and said: "Now you keep your eyes open. I shouldn't wonder if this was the speech of the evening."

The young man looked at the speaker, and liked his face—at once masterful and intelligent. Mr. Chauncy's attitude was one of conscious strength and of perfect ease. He was a man of fifty, perhaps, with gray hair and a curling gray mustache.

"Upon a mellow October night like this," the speaker began, and his voice was rich and firm, while his delivery was as clear as a line-engraving—"upon a mellow October night like this, possible in no other city in this country or in Europe, I think, and illustrative of the fact that here in New York we have really a climate, while most of the other great towns of the world have only weather—upon a night like this, and under this graceful tower, uplifting its loveliness into the azure air, and topped by Diana of the Ephesians smiling down upon gardens more beautiful than any ever hanging in Babylon, there is no need for me to present any defence of the Empire City or to proffer any apology for her. If you seek for proof of her superiority, look about you here to-night, and remember that nowhere else in the United States could any such company as this be gathered together; nowhere else in the United States is there a banquet-hall so beautiful; nowhere else in the United States would a feast like this be graced by the presence of so many lovely women. Yet I feel that I should be derelict to my duty, that I should let slip a precious occasion, if I did not dwell for a while upon the few of the many things in the history of this city which give her proud pre-eminence, which make her what she is—the mighty and magnificent metropolis of a great people."

Again the applause broke forth. After a pause the speaker continued, having the attention of every man and woman in the hall. Even as he warmed to his subject he preserved the perfection of his delivery, and he poured forth facts, figures, illustrations, one after the other, with never a broken accent or a blurred syllable.

"I will not detain you by detailing the many natural advantages of New York—the noble river which sweeps by on one side and the arm of the ocean which embraces the other, and the spacious and beautiful bay with its harborage ample for all the fleets of all the nations of the earth. It is not my purpose to-night to linger long over the works of art which make this island of ours distinguished as the works of nature have made possible her prosperity, and therefore I shall say nothing of the Statue of Liberty, of the Brooklyn Bridge, of the Riverside Drive, of the libraries and the museums and the colleges and the churches. I shall even say nothing of Central Park—truly the finest single work of art yet produced by any American, and simply as a work of art unequalled by any pleasure-ground of Europe."

There was another burst of applause, but the speaker scarcely waited for it to die down before he began again.

"Passing by these works of God and man, ever present before your eyes, I am going to call your attention to things less material—to things which do not cling to our remembrance as they ought. Secure in our material prosperity, we New-Yorkers do not always recall those incidents in the history of the city which deserve to be forever memorable. We are not often accused of modesty; but we are over-modest—are we not?—when we allow our children to be taught that the first bloodshed of the Revolution was in the Boston Massacre, forgetting that the Liberty-pole fight took place in New York six weeks earlier. It was here in New York that the Stamp Act Congress met, the forerunner of the federation of the American colonies which cast off the British yoke. And in the long and weary war of the Revolution only one of the thirteen colonies furnished its full quota of men, money, and supplies, and that colony was the colony of New York!"

Once more was the speaker interrupted by a tumult of approval, and once more he went on again as soon as he could make himself heard.

"When the critical period in the history of this country came—that is, when the need of a new constitution was felt by all—no men had a larger share in the making of that constitution than two New-Yorkers, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, while the nervous English of that great instrument was due to a third New-Yorker, Gouverneur Morris. It was in New York that the foundations of American literature were laid by the publication of *Knickerbocker's History*, the earliest book to be published in American which keeps its popularity to-day, and more than fourscore years have not yet tarnished its humor. To the author of this immortal book, to Washington Irving, was due the first work of American authorship which won acceptance outside of the boundaries of the United States. And as it was the *Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving which was the first American book to win its way in England, so it was the *Spy* of another citizen of New York, Fenimore Cooper, which was the first American book to achieve fame outside of the English language. It was here in New York that our American literature was first fostered, as it is here in New York that our American authors are most abundant, most highly honored, and most richly rewarded."

The speaker paused again, but only for a moment.

"As in letters, so in the arts. Here in New York the National Academy of Design was founded, and later the Society of American Artists; and to two painters of New York, to Robert Fulton and to Samuel F. B. Morse, we owe the steamboat and the telegraph. Here in New York was founded the Children's Aid Society, than which no city in the world has a nobler charity, the first of the kind and the most successful. Here in New York, also, Peter Cooper established the first institution intended to provide instruction to all ambitious youth—an institution that has been imitated in almost every city of the Union, although no city of the Union has ever had a citizen more esteemed or better beloved than was Peter Cooper here in New York. It is not in 'a city of kites and crows' that men of Peter Cooper's character choose to dwell; it is not in 'a city of kites and crows' that men of Peter Cooper's character are cherished and revered."

Here the speech was again broken into by prolonged applause. Men rose to their feet and cheered, waving their napkins over their heads.

When there was quiet once more the speaker went on.

"After years of peace and of prosperity, the people of the United States suddenly found themselves face to face with armed rebellion, and war loomed before us inevitable. New York was ready then as always. The first regiment to reach the capital of the country, to secure it against traitors, was a regiment of New York city militia. Nor was there ever after any lack of men here in this city who despised the snares of death and defied the pains of hell, and who went into battle bravely and gayly, and glad that—in the words of one of them—'glad that there was lots of good fighting along the whole line.' I have been told—I confess I have not been able to verify the figures—but I have been told that the number of men who enlisted into the army and the navy of the United States during those four long years of doubt and anxiety exceeded the number of the male inhabitants of fighting age in the year when the rebellion broke out. And not content with furnishing men to fight, the city of New York saw to it that the wounded were duly attended to, and their anguish lightened as far as might be—for it was here that the United States Sanitary Commission was organized."

There were cheers once more, and yet again, and it was not for a full minute that the speaker was enabled to continue.

"Your applause tells me that I need say no more," he began. "A successful city is the spoilt child of fortune, and perhaps, like other spoilt children, it is all the better for a sound thrashing now and then. But what has new York done amiss now, that she should be scourged with scorpions? In the welter of politics it may be considered adroit to suggest that your opponent is either a wolf in sheep's clothing or an ass in a lion's skin, but it is more adroit still, it seems to me, to avoid personality altogether. The louder the report of the gun, the more violent the kick is. When a New-Yorker hears his beloved town called 'a city of kites and crows,' his first impulse is to laugh; his second is to inquire as to the man who said it; and his third is to laugh again, and louder, when he discovers that the author of this assertion is from Nevada, a State where even Santa Claus on Christmas eve does not dare go his rounds for fear of being held up by road agents!"

This time a burst of hearty laughter mingled with the abundant applause as the speaker sat down.

"That's a very good speech," the young man who seemed to be a stranger said to his left-hand neighbor.

"Good speech?" echoed the other, enthusiastically. "I should think so. It's the speech of the evening, sure! There's not one of them can beat that."

"I've been in Japan for the past five years, and I seem to have lost track of people here in the city," said the young man. "What is the name of the gentleman who made the speech?"

"Horace Chauncy," was the answer. "I thought everybody knew him. His father was United States Senator from West Virginia, and his mother was a famous Kentucky belle in her day. He himself used to be the leader of the California bar before he moved here a few years ago. He caught on at once in New York; he's one of the most popular speakers we have now; some fellows call him 'Our Horace.' Haven't you ever heard about him, really?"

"Well," the young man retorted, "you mustn't expect me to know all these people. You see, I was born in New York."

THE SHIPMENT OF GOLD TO EUROPE.

During the past three months the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York has delivered to bankers from the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street $50,335,000 in gold coin, almost all of which has been shipped to Europe. The Treasury's gold surplus on April 10th of this year was $106,000,000, but on account of these heavy gold shipments it is now reduced to $66,000,000, of which $36,000,000 is stored in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury in this city.

At first glance it appears odd that our bankers should have such heavy accounts to settle abroad that they must surrender half of the nation's gold reserve in order to meet their obligations. This condition seems all the more incomprehensible if we know that the government reports for the fiscal year ending June 1st show a trade balance of $280,000,000 in favor of the United States. In other words, our exports for the past year have exceeded our imports by that amount, and it would therefore seem that, instead of our bankers sending gold to Europe, foreign merchants should be sending gold to this country.

The principal reason why our bankers have had to ship more gold than usual to their foreign correspondents this year is accounted for in a number of ways. The financial reports, for instance, show that many European investors are sending back American bonds and other securities in large numbers, and of course these have to be paid for in gold. Then the interest which is being paid on American securities still held by foreign investors draws that much money out of the country. As most of the great ocean carriers are foreigners, principally English, the heavy freight payments of our trade go to the profit of Europeans. But one of the greatest elements in this gold exportation is American travel abroad. It is estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 Americans go to Europe annually, and that they take with them an average of $1000 each. This money is usually taken in the form of drafts or letters of credit, and the corresponding amount in gold must be shipped to the foreign banker in order that he shall honor this American paper. Another minor element which works to our disadvantage in the gold question is the undervaluation of imports by some American merchants, who in this way evade paying as much duty as the law demands, but who by so doing turn a considerable profit into the pockets of the foreign manufacturers.

The most prominent exporters of gold in this city are the banking-houses of Lazard Frères; Heidelback, Ickelheimer & Co.; Ladenburg, Thalman & Co.; Baring, Magoun & Co.; L. Von Hoffman & Co.; and J. and W. Seligman & Co. They ship $1,000,000 to Europe with as little bother and excitement over the matter as a dry-goods merchant would send a bale of cloth. And, after all, such a shipment is a very simple matter if you only have the necessary $1,000,000.

When a New York banker wants to send $1,000,000 to Europe, he tries first to buy bills of exchange on merchandise; but if he cannot get these, or if the rate of exchange is too high, then he must send the amount in gold coin. The banker draws $1,000,000 in greenbacks from the bank where he keeps his account, and takes these bills to the Sub-Treasury. They must be gold certificates, Treasury notes, or United States notes, as silver certificates and National Bank notes are not redeemable in gold. The banker therefore usually appears at the Sub-Treasury with a pile of greenbacks about five inches high, containing a thousand $1000 notes. He goes to the office of the Assistant United States Treasurer and informs that official that he desires to draw $1,000,000 in gold. The latter answers that he will have the coin ready, say, in two hours. The banker then goes to the receiving division and pays over his pile of greenbacks to the receiving-clerk, who gives him a receipt for "a package of bills said to contain $1,000,000, subject to count."

The receiving-clerk counts the greenbacks and finds them correct. No shortage or excess has ever been discovered in any of these gold transactions with the banks. He then takes the bills to the currency vault, where they are again counted by the vault-keeper and placed in the vault after the amount has been recorded and charged to his account on the books in the cashier's office. The receiving-clerk gives notice to the coin division that $1,000,000 in gold is to be withdrawn, and the paying-teller of that division then makes out a draft on the gold vault for that amount.

There are four men who have charge of the coin vaults, and each vault has two locks. Two of these men have a key to one lock, and the two others have a key to the second lock, so that there must always be two men at least present in order to get into a vault. The gold is kept in the west vault, and it is thither that the vault-keepers go with their $1,000,000 draft to get the coin for the banker. They are accompanied by two laborers, who bring along two low trucks, on which the gold is to be piled.

In the vault the coin is stored away in bags, each of which holds $5000. These bags are piled in iron compartments that are just large enough to accommodate one hundred bags. They are ticketed, showing what denomination of coin they contain, and when and by whom the contents were last counted. The vault count is considered correct, and no further count is made at the time of delivery. The bags are piled on the trucks and checked off by the vault-keepers. Each truck will comfortably carry one hundred bags, or $500,000. The entire draft of $1,000,000 can thus be easily carried on the two trucks. The gold is wheeled into the coin division from the vault and held there until called for by the banker, to whom it is delivered upon presentation of the receipt which he holds. This closes the transaction, so far as the government officials are concerned, and the entry on the Assistant Treasurer's books shows that on such a date $1,000,000 in notes was redeemed in gold coin, as provided for by the act of January 14, 1875. According to this law, greenbacks are redeemable in gold only at the Sub-Treasuries in New York and San Francisco, but by a later law the Treasury notes of 1890, more commonly known as the Sherman notes, are redeemable at any Sub-Treasury.

When the banker calls for his gold at the time appointed, the two small trucks that were loaded in the vault are wheeled out into the lobby of the coin division, where the bags are transferred to a wagon that waits at the Pine Street entrance. For convenience in loading, five Treasury bags are placed in a larger canvas bag, which is fitted with handles. The gold is taken in the wagon to the banker's office, where it is weighed. At the Sub-Treasury the coin was counted, not weighed; but the European bankers only accept our gold at its weight, not at its face value. The reason for this is that with gold in circulation there is considerable natural abrasion, but our laws make a gold piece legal tender for the face value even if the abrasion amounts to one-half of one per cent. Now $5000 in gold coin weighs 268.75 oz., troy. Its minimum weight to be legal tender would be 267.41 oz., which is a discrepancy of 1.3 oz. One ounce of gold is worth $20 75; therefore, if all the gold pieces in a $5000 Treasury bag were abraded to the minimum point allowed by law, the coins would be legal tender in this country for the full amount of their face value, but would have an intrinsic or European value of only $4973 78, showing a loss of $26 22 on the $5000. If in $1,000,000 all the coins were of the minimum weight the discrepancy would amount to $5244, or to more than the entire contents of one Treasury bag. As a matter of fact, however, our gold sees so little use in circulation that the abrasion does not amount to that much. The average weight of a $5000 bag as shown by the records is 268.40 oz., troy, the full weight being 268.75 oz. Of course even this slight difference in weight cuts into the profits of the banker, for he must make good the deficiency in Europe.

After the bags have been weighed at the banker's office, and the record has been made, a cooper is called in, and he packs the precious bags in stout wooden kegs bound with iron hoops. He puts twenty bags, or $100,000, in each keg. For a shipment of $1,000,000 he would consequently require ten kegs. These are then sealed and marked, and carted down to the wharf. The load is a pretty heavy one, for, as each bag weighs 18 lbs. 4 oz., avoirdupois, the two hundred bags in the ten kegs weigh 3680 lbs., or almost two tons. The kegs are turned over to the care of one of the officers of the ship, who places them in a strong room in the hold, the door of which is locked and sealed until the vessel arrives on the other side.

In shipping gold to Europe the banker suffers other losses besides the possible short weight from abrasion. In addition to the expense of insurance and transportation, he loses the interest on the gold while it is in transit. The interest on $1,000,000 for eight days, at the present rates, would be about $500. The insurance rates are ninety cents per $1000, or $900 on $1,000,000. The freight charges are one-eighth of one per cent. for any amount under $500,000, and seven-sixty-fourths of one per cent. for anything over that. This would make the charges $1075 for the shipment of $1,000,000. The cost of shipping that sum of money, therefore, figures up about as follows:

Loss of Interest	$500 00
Insurance	900 00
Freight charges	1075 00
Cooperage, cartage, etc.	50 00
Total	$2525 00

This total is slightly more than one-fourth of one per cent. of $1,000,000. Of course the banker cannot afford to stand that loss. He must make it up in some way. He does this by selling exchange at a higher rate than the nominal par. The nominal par for exchange on London is $4 86⅔ to £1. Add one fourth of one per cent. to $4 86⅔ and you get about $4 87 9/10, which is the figure at which the banker must sell his exchange in order to come out even on the transaction. To make a profit he must put the price up even higher. The rates of exchange on the market for the past few months have been $4 88½ and $4 88¾ for bills payable at sight in gold coin.

Frequently bankers sending gold to France are able to avoid the loss of interest in transit. When the rate is high, this is an important item. When the Bank of France is anxious for gold, it will accept as equal to a deposit in Paris a cable message stating that so many dollars in gold have been placed aboard ship in New York, consigned to the bank.

ALBERT LEE.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A WONDERFUL BLUFF.

I've travelled over many lands in my brief span of life;
I've cared much more for scenery than city roil and strife.
I've loved the great and massy rocks that rise up from the sea:
The things that Nature's made have been the greatest things to me.

The hills in fair New Hampshire, with their overhanging crags,
I'd rather look on than a scene where commerce never lags.
The wondrous cañons that we see in our far-distant West
Not only awe the soul, but bring a welcome sense of rest.

I've wandered up the Saguenay, and seen those wondrous walls
That rise up with a majesty that very nigh appalls.
I've lived along the Hudson, and rejoiced that I'd a place
Where I could see the Palisades, their massive, godlike grace.

I've stood upon a steamer, with philistines there by scores,
On waters 'twixt the Afric and the European shores,
And gazed upon Gibraltar, rock of awful grandeur. It
Doth baffle all description by the fool or man of wit.

But I confess, of wondrous bluffs that I've seen in my day,
Not one can ever equal, I am quite prepared to say,
That one of Richard Croker, who's decided to "return"
About the time when Lexow has decided to adjourn.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is an interesting notion that Professor Disbrow discloses in the *Social Economist* that the English have inherited the blood as well as much of the disposition of the old-time Romans. "A narrow sectarianism," he says, "and a meagre view of ethnological influence, closed the British mind to the abundant proofs that Roman blood had determined the quality of the British race before any Angles, Danes, Saxons, or Normans ever landed on the shores of Britain." He points out that the Romans held Britain for four centuries, up to A.D. 410, and he finds evidence that in that period they killed off great numbers of the male tattooed Britons in war, and filled the country with farms and Roman roads. The Saxons, and later the Angles, came, he believes, as friends, and not as invaders, and not in sufficient numbers to swamp the people of Roman descent in the country. Britain was drained once or twice of its Roman troops, but was never overrun, like Spain, Germany, and Italy, by barbarous tribes, so that, in Professor Disbrow's opinion, there was no part of Europe in which the chances were so good of preserving the Roman blood in so large measure as in England. Consequently he does not find it surprising that Gladstone's features differ little from Cicero's, or that while the face of General von Moltke is a close reproduction of that of Julius Cæsar, it is not a bit more purely Roman than that of a typical American Senator—Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois.

The interest in pedigree is a legitimate human interest. We shall not be different people if we turn out to be derived from the Romans, but Professor Disbrow's theory, if the historical critics should admit that it can be entertained, would be a matter for speculative if not complacent meditation. Meanwhile the hypothesis of the derivation of most of the really interesting people in the world from the lost tribes of Israel is working as well as ever, and suffers no perceptible detriment from this new idea.

Perhaps the most interesting award of an honorary degree in the Commencement season just past was that which made Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt a Master of Arts. It was conferred by Yale, which also gave one, an LL.D., to Mr. E. C. Stedman. There will be no question that Mr. Vanderbilt knows enough to serve successfully as Master of Arts. To be a millionaire on so large a scale as he is must be constantly and strenuously educational. The administration of large interests keeps the mind exercised, and besides that most millionaires are collectors, and buy a huge amount of instruction in all sorts of polite arts. In matters pertaining to painting and sculpture, architecture, landscape-gardening, pottery, carving, yachts, horses, and all the things a millionaire inquires into in collecting his apparatus, Mr. Vanderbilt must be more than ordinarily accomplished.

New York society will have noticed with interest that the same degree of A.M. was conferred by Union College on Mr. Bradley Martin (Union, '63), also an accomplished man on lines analogous to those of Mr. Vanderbilt, but with differences. Mr. Martin, like Mr. Vanderbilt, is a patron of art, and skilled in all that concerns the usufruct of a great income, but the other side of his mind has probably been less concerned with industrial and financial problems than that of Mr. Vanderbilt, and rather more with social interests.

Mr. Stedman makes a highly creditable LL.D. of Yale. Poets of his standing are scarce nowadays, and Yale does well to remember that she has one.

Mr. Keir-Hardie, who made such rude remarks in the House of Commons about the new heir to the British throne, seems not to appreciate the natural sympathetic interest of the masses of the people in the most important domestic occurrences in the family of their ruler. If he had been in this country a number of years ago he would have discovered that the marriage of a President in office agitates a nation of republicans about as acutely as a royal marriage does the Britishers; subsequently he might have learned that the birth of an infant which has no political significance whatever is published almost as widely and discussed almost as enthusiastically as the birth of a possible king. One of the important uses of a royal family in England is to give the English people something to talk about. We talk about our President and his folks almost as much as those honest monarchists do about their nominal rulers. To be sure, we do it unofficially, but that is the main difference. To carry the parallel still farther, we talk about our leading millionaires and their private concerns and purposes with very much the same sort of inquisitive solicitude with which British society discusses the personal affairs of their rich nobility. It seem to be in human nature to want to gossip about somebody, and people who are prominent, from whatever cause, and under whatever form of government, are sure to feel the effects of this all but universal propensity.

None of the substitute designs for the World's Fair medal submitted by Mr. St. Gaudens in place of the one that so shocked the modesty of the authorities was approved. The medal as finally adopted has on one side Mr. St. Gaudens's original design of the landing of Columbus, and on the other a design by Mr. Charles E. Barber, of the Philadelphia Mint. In Mr. Barber's design appear a globe, a shield, a caravel, torches, and two female figures—one with a trumpet and wreaths, the other with a tablet and pen, but both decorous and respectable dames, amply clad, and proof against the scrutiny of Mr. Anthony Comstock or the police. That a medal has at last been agreed upon will rejoice every one who is entitled to a specimen of it. No doubt it is a sightly medal, though Mr. Barber can scarcely hope that his design will excite the same degree of public interest as the one it takes the place of.

The fact that there was no laureate to welcome the recent British baby brings that empty honor into discussion again, and makes folks speculate as to whether Lord Rosebery will try to fill it. If it is true that his preference turns toward Swinburne and Rudyard Kipling, it is possible that he might make a choice that would gain the popular approval. A man who can meet a situation as deftly as Rosebery met the Puritan disapproval of his race-horse may even succeed in finding a laureate who will do credit to his maker.

Times are bad in the island of St. Helena. The decline in its prosperity dates not from the death of Napoleon, as might be supposed, but from the opening of the Suez Canal. Before that a thousand ships a year stopped at its port (Jamestown), and its 5000 inhabitants were kept busy, but since the canal opened the island has found itself on a side track, and out of the course of travel, so that its young men are leaving it, and the population has fallen off nearly one-fourth. Efforts are being made in London to start fisheries for the employment of the islanders.

George Williams, who founded the first Y.M.C.A. in London, June 6, 1844, and was knighted last month by the Queen, was twenty-three years old and an employé of a London dry-goods house when he organized meetings for prayer and Bible study among his fellow-clerks. Out of that grew the Y.M.C.A., which spread fast in England, and jumped the Atlantic in 1851, starting almost at the same time in Montreal and Boston.

That beer should make peers seems reasonable enough, but that knighthood should be conferred as a reward of evangelical enterprise will strike the American mind as a little odd. When will a like recognition attend the labors of the inventor of the Salvation Army? "General Sir James Booth, K.C.B.," sounds well and looks handsome.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE SITUATION IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, *Friday, July 6th.*

THOUGH yesterday was marked by savage rioting in and around the Union Stock-Yards, it is believed in Chicago that the end of the strike is in sight. The beginning of the end was when the United States troops from Fort Sheridan arrived in the city early in the morning of the Fourth. If the end of the strike in Chicago means the end of the strike all over the country, then the end of the whole outbreak is in sight. If the situation does not improve, the United States troops will be ordered to shoot. It is a marvel that shooting was not done yesterday and to-day. In fact, it is believed here that the minute the command to fire is given, that minute the strike is over. The strikers are bold now because they know that the word has not been given to the regulars. Nevertheless, Uncle Sam evidently means business, for heavy reenforcements of troops will arrive early to-day from both Fort Leavenworth and from Fort Brady. All this sounds bloodthirsty, and if it applied to the situation in Chicago as a whole, the outlook would be gloomy indeed; but it applies only to a hornets' nest down in the stock-yards and vicinity. If blood is shed, it will be shed there. In all other parts of the city the situation is decidedly bitter, and getting more bitter every working hour. The general managers of the twenty-three roads entering Chicago are banded into an offensive and defensive organization, and are working steadily and persistently. John M. Egan was put at its head because he was a fighter.

G. H. HOWARD,
Vice-President of the American Railway Union.

They will neither confer nor compromise with Debs, and have eliminated Pullman and the original Pullman strike as a factor in the situation. They have declared that the strike is now war between the railroads and Debs, and that they will neither give nor ask quarter. The organization has weathered several ticklish situations, and is too firmly bound together now to have any weak sticks in the bundle. Debs, on the other hand, maintains his usual air of confidence, and continues to send out telegrams ordering all sorts of strikes in all sorts of places, apparently regardless of the fact that Uncle Sam is bending every energy to envelop him in the meshes of the law. It is noticeable, however, that while Debs a few days ago was boasting of what he himself would do, he is now engaged in explaining that some other fellow did it. While the American Railway Union and the plug-uglies who are always ready to help along any strike are with Debs as enthusiastically as ever, he is getting body blows every few hours now from the conservative train-men. These blows come from the engineers, firemen, and conductors who quit work on one pretext or another, though not authorized by their chief to strike. A terrific blow of this kind is the present condition of the Chicago and Northwestern; on Monday Debs had this road tied up, passenger, suburban, and freight. To-day the engineers and firemen and conductors are all at their posts, having decided as a body that Debs is the under dog. In consequence the Chicago and Northwestern was doing business yesterday to all intents and purposes as it was doing business before the strike.

Uncle Sam's legal preparations go steadily forward. Judge Grosscup's order for a special Federal Grand Jury to investigate violations of the United States statutes by the strikers was entered in the record of the Federal Court today. The jury will be drawn to-morrow. If President Debs and his associates escape indictment by this Grand Jury they are lucky.

Another encouraging sign to-night is the attitude of the Chicago police force. Though it has been steadfastly maintained at the City Hall that the police have been doing their duty, and their whole duty, it is a notorious fact that they have been lukewarm, so lukewarm that the strikers have apparently mistaken their attitude for sympathy. While Chief of Police Brennan has detailed officers as requested by the railway officials, yet it was an exasperating striker indeed who could stir an officer to action. Yesterday, however, pressure was brought to bear upon Mayor Hopkins, and he visited the scene of rioting just north of the stock-yards. The strikers overturned cars and applied the torch to them under his very nose, utterly unmindful of his august official presence; this disrespect and the pressure combined stirred the Mayor to action, and last night there were indications that the police will hereafter be a factor in the situation. The evidence of this fact was given towards evening, when the police in force attacked bodies of rioters, gave them an old-fashioned drubbing, and dispersed them. Following this significant fact, the Mayor came out with a proclamation which has considerable backbone.

SYLVESTER KELIHER,
Secretary of the American Railway Union.

As proof that the situation outside of the stock-yards is decidedly better, it may be stated that through trains on all the lines using the Polk Street Depot left practically on time yesterday. These roads are the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the Grand Trunk, the Chicago and Erie, the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago, the Wabash, and the Santa Fé. Little or no suburban business was handled, however, and the freight business was practically at a standstill. At the Union Depot, into which run the St. Paul, Alton, Burlington, and Pennsylvania lines, the situation was regarded as satisfactory by the officials, the Alton being worst off of the lot. While none of these roads is doing business with a brass band, they are sending out through trains and handling some freight. At the Grand Central Station, the Baltimore and Ohio, Wisconsin Central, and Northern Pacific were doing business practically on time. The Chicago and Great Western trains, however, were considerably delayed. At the Van Buren Street Depot the Lake Shore sent out its through trains on time, and is handling freight for Chicago and the East. The Rock Island, however, was in bad shape, and the Lake Shore suffered in sympathy for the reason that both roads run through the hornets' nest around the stock-yards.

The Illinois Central, which for several days has been paralyzed, began operations in good shape Thursday morning. Its suburban service was resumed, through trains were sent on time, and preparations were made to start freight business this morning. The Michigan Central, Big Four, and Chicago and West Michigan, which use its tracks, were in equally good condition. Riverdale, Blue Island, and Hammond, strategic points which a few days ago were in the control of the strikers, are now as peaceful as a summer's day. This result was accomplished by troops. As soon as the hornets' nest at the stock-yards is cleaned out the situation seems simple. The railroads are ready to resume business—will do so the minute they get protection.

JOHN D. SHERMAN, City Editor *Tribune.*

"KING" DEBS.

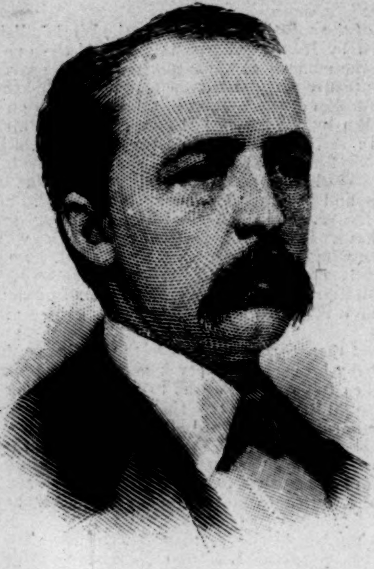
EUGENE V. DEBS, who, as president of the American Railway Union, gave the order for the boycott against the Pullman cars, is a man of thirty-nine, who has been a railway man, a politician, and an editor. Debs is a native of Terre Haute, Indiana, where his father kept a grocery store. The son attended school regularly till he was big enough to help about the store. Then he took his place as a worker, but continued to study nights, and so acquired a very fair degree of education. When he was seventeen or eighteen he went to work in the paint-shop of the Vandalia Railroad. Later he became a locomotive fireman, and on joining the local Brotherhood of Firemen was made a delegate to the national body. Debs filled the place of secretary for fourteen years, during which time he also acted as the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*. In 1879 he was elected City Clerk of Terre Haute, and in 1884 he was sent to the Indiana State Legislature. In 1892 he did effective work for the National Democratic ticket.

The same year he decided to leave the Firemen's Brotherhood, much against the wishes of its members, with whom he was very popular. When he insisted upon resigning, the sum of $2000 was voted to him, with the understanding that he was to use it to defray the expenses of a vacation trip to Europe. He declined to accept the gift, and in 1893 set about the organization of the American Railway Union, membership in which is not confined to any branch of railway employés, his idea being that they would be better able to enforce their demands if all branches of the service combined than if organized separately.

The Railway Union grew rapidly, and late last year Debs inaugurated the big strike on the Great Northern Railway, which extends northwesterly from St. Paul. Several conferences have been held during the last few months for the purpose of harmonizing all existing labor organizations, but the Railway Union sent no delegations to any of them, and has never had the help of the brotherhoods. At the June convention of the Union some sort of an arrangement for mutual help was made between it and the Knights of Labor. At this convention, also, Debs was chosen president for a term of four years.

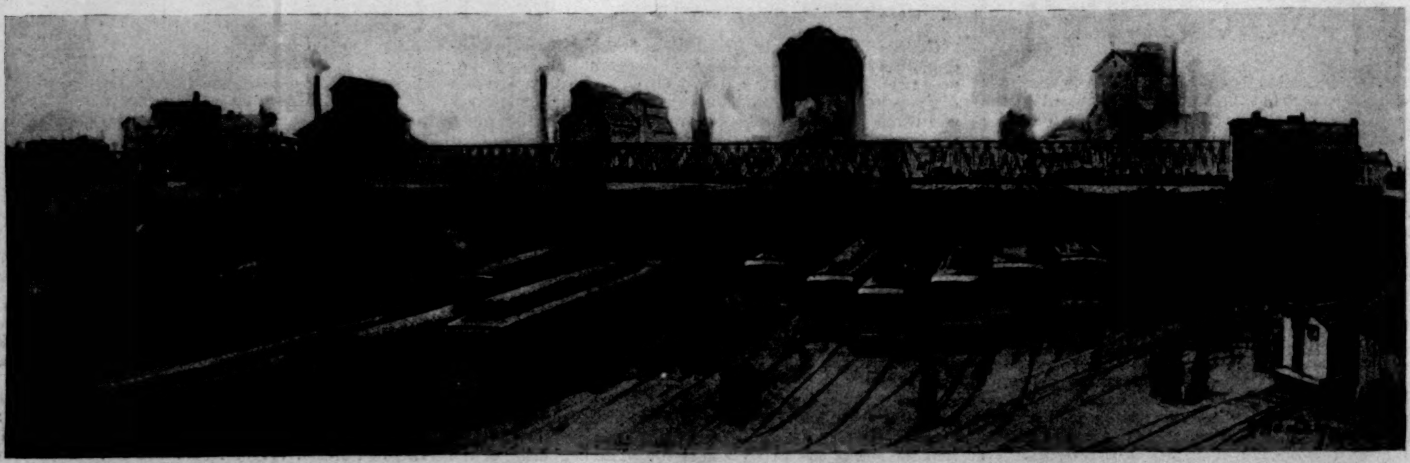
This is the record of a man who has always managed to keep himself to the fore, who is now causing the country unprecedented trouble and expense, and who has placed an embargo on the traffic of a nation.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN,
President of the Pullman Company.



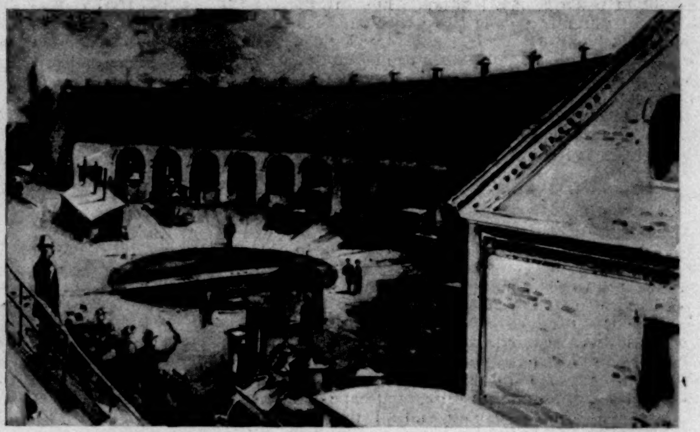
SENATOR CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA,
Sender of the Patriotic Telegram refusing to support Kyle's Resolution.

EUGENE V. DEBS,
President of the American Railway Union.

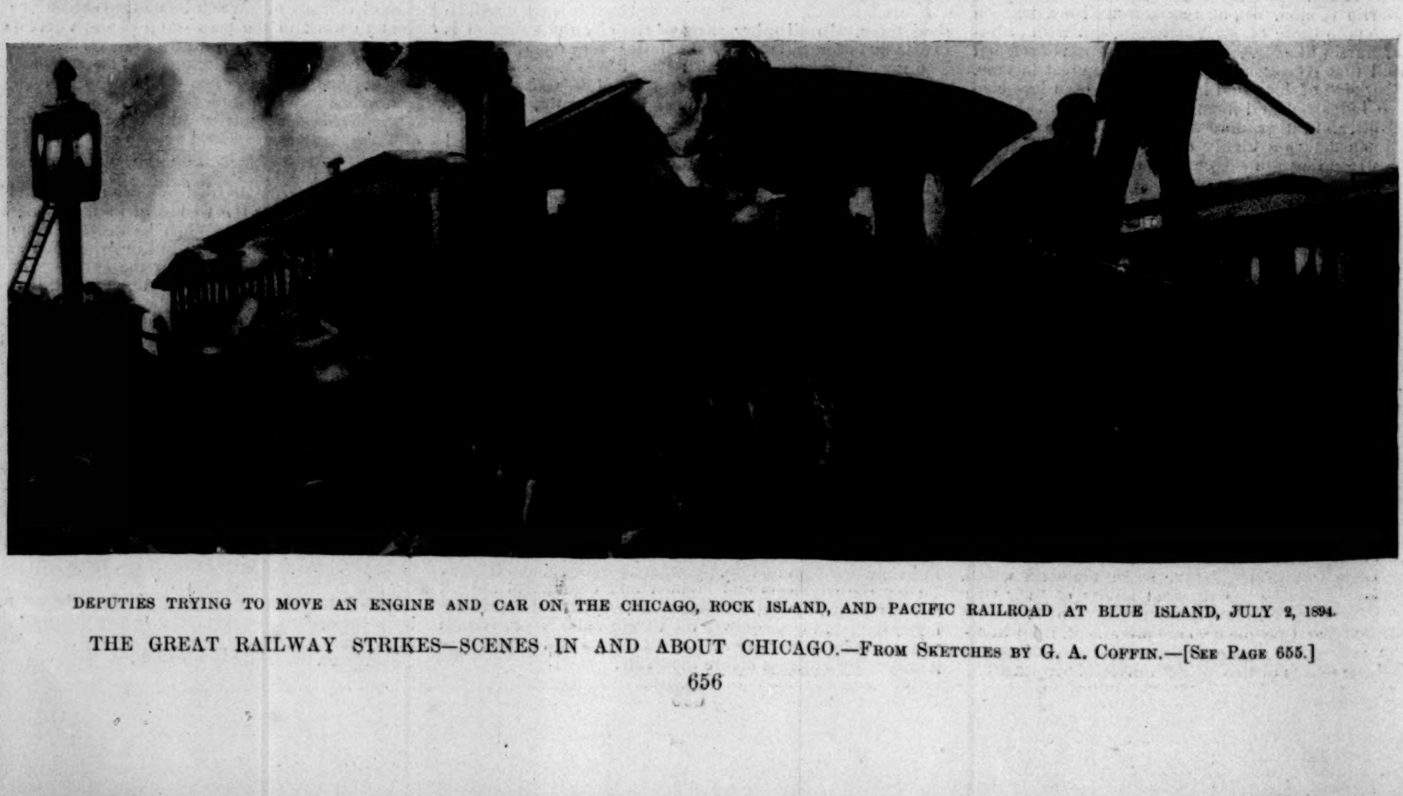


COMPLETE BLOCKADE OF FREIGHT AND PASSENGER CARS, JULY 3, 1894—CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, NEAR HALSTED STREET.

RECEIVING AND QUESTIONING APPLICANTS FOR APPOINTMENTS AS DEPUTIES AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, CHICAGO.



CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD ROUND-HOUSE, JULY 3, 1894—NOT AN ENGINE MOVING.



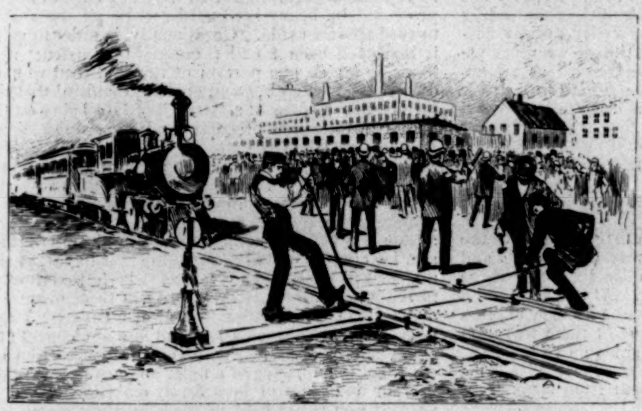
DEPUTIES TRYING TO MOVE AN ENGINE AND CAR ON THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, AND PACIFIC RAILROAD AT BLUE ISLAND, JULY 2, 1894.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—From Sketches by G. A. Coffin.—[See Page 655.]

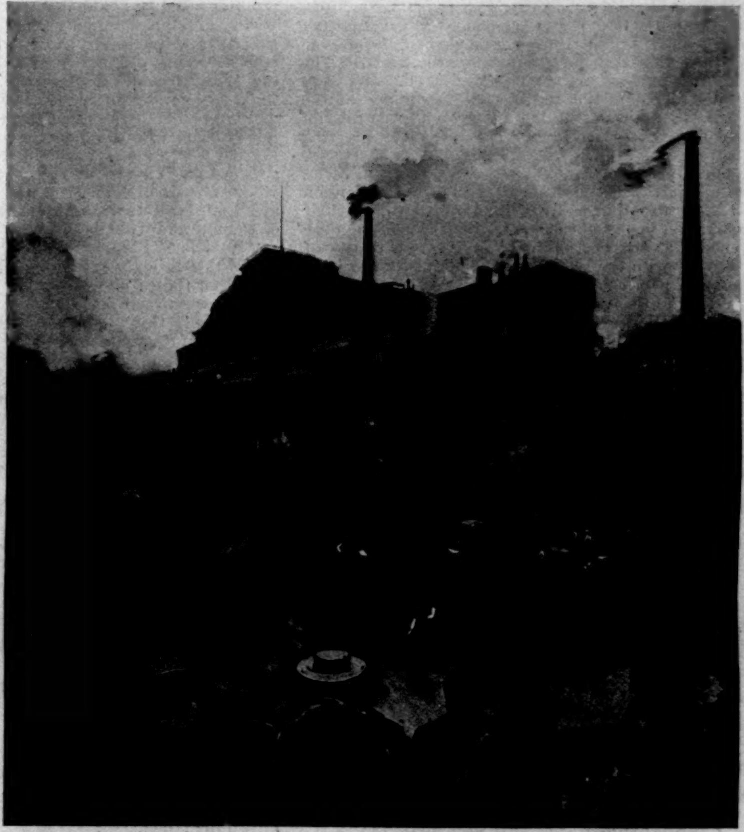
HEADQUARTERS OF THE STRIKERS.
Office of Secretary Keliher, of the American Railway Union, in Ashland Block, Chicago.

POLICE GUARDING A SWITCH-TOWER
On the Illinois Central.

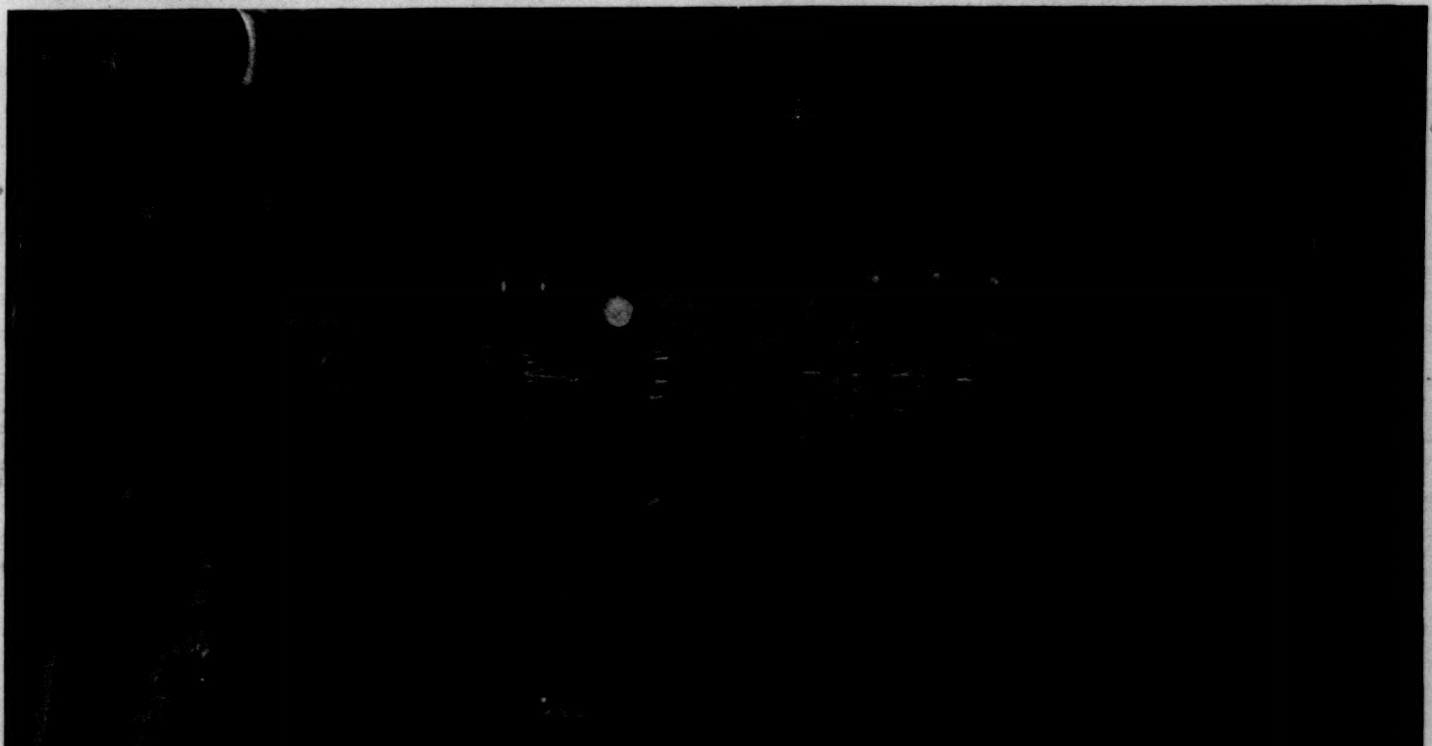
STRIKERS DRIVING OUT AN ENGINEER ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.



RAILWAY OFFICIALS DRAWING SPIKES FROM SWITCHES
In the Western Indiana Railroad Yards. The switches were spiked during the Night.



AT THE UNION DEPOT, MADISON AND CANAL STREETS.
Strikers on the Viaduct watching Railway Officials trying to get out Trains.



BLOCKADE AT GRAND CROSSING ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 26TH.
The Gatemen struck, and the Trainmen refused to swing the Gates or to move the Trains until the Gates were opened. This Crossing, two Miles Southwest of Chicago, is said to be the largest Railway Crossing in the World.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—FROM SKETCHES BY G. A. COFFIN.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

OUR EGYPTIAN YEAR.

THE division of the year into three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter comes to us from the Egyptians. So far as history reaches back into the darkness of the early ages we are led to believe that the dusky brown people by the banks of the Nile were the first to study the motions of the sun and stars and make them the measure of time. And some recent discoveries in Egypt, by careful students, seem to show the way in which the early astronomers were enabled to count the days in the solar year. The great temples on the Nile were built with a long entrance of columns leading from the river to the interior shrine—a kind of tunnel; sometimes it was lined with sphinxes or huge granite figures. Its mouth was turned towards a certain part of the heavens where the light of the setting sun could enter it only once a year. It was either at the summer solstice, when the sun was farthest in the north, or at some other periodic position of sun or star.

We may imagine the Egyptian astronomer watching in the inner shrine for the opening of the new year. The long line of columns served as a telescope by which he could catch the first beam of the setting sun. Suddenly the red light would flash through the tunnel up to the Holy of Holies; the moment it reached the shrine the philosopher would mark the hour, and know that another year had begun. From that point in time he could count day after day until, when the three hundred and sixty-five days had passed, once more the red beam of light streamed into the tunnel, and another year had passed away. In this way it seems probable that our days were first counted and divided.

Other nations, and even the Greeks and Romans, used the moon as their guide, and divided the year into lunar months. But it was found, as time passed on, that great irregularities crept in; the months no longer corresponded to the seasons; April became June, and the autumn months winter. The Egyptian sun-year was then generally adopted. But even this was disordered and altered by the ignorance of the Roman priests; and at last Julius Cæsar, who was fond of astronomy, resolved to correct the calendar; it is his year that we now use, and to his friend, the Egyptian Sosigenes, we owe our division of time. Astronomy was a favorite study with the cultivated Romans, and from Egyptian Alexandria, the scientific centre of the time, they drew their chief masters and books on the stars. Cæsar fixed upon the 1st of January as the beginning of his year—a season of feasting and joy with the Egyptians and all modern society.

Another mode of calculating the days of the year in Egypt was by the rising of the dog-star, Sirius. This was known as the Sothic system, and is another proof of the careful study the Egyptians gave to the starry skies. It is suggested that the pyramids were built under the guidance of the astronomers, and that many of the smaller temples were directed toward some particular star. But it is probable, as modern research seems to show, that the sun, or Rā, as it was called in Egyptian, was in the most civilized period the chief deity, and its revolutions the only measure of time. The Pharaohs claimed, like the Incas, that they were the children of the sun; on the cartouches the sun stands a circle at the top, and a goose, the symbol of an offspring or son, below it. Rā was the parent of the Rameses, the chief Egyptian conquerors and builders, and their enormous statues still guard the banks of the Nile. From the Egyptian Rā we have learned to divide time, and the New-Year's festivities and the more practical separation of months and days we owe to the active astronomers on the banks of the Nile.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A FLOWER THINK.

THE lissom vine has climbed the wand of green
With infinite delight,
And at the top, with pleasure rare and keen,
It sports a flower white.

That vine's a cashless boy with smiles abeam;
The wand's a pole, gaunt, tall;
And the white flower's his happy, happy dream,
Watching a game of ball.

R. K. M.

RIDING THE HUMP-DURGIN.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"OF course you'll take a ride on the hump-durgin," said the vice-president of the company, as he handed me a note of introduction to the foreman of the logging camp.

"What is this hump-durgin, anyhow?" I asked. "I have heard the name several times before, but can't seem to learn to what it applies. Is it an animal or a machine?"

"You'll find out fast enough," laughed the vice-president. "The hump-durgin is warranted not to kick, and is perfectly safe to ride so long as you hold on tight and don't betray any nervousness. You will enjoy it, I am sure. Good-by."

I was about to visit a logging camp in the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, amid the vast forests of fir and cedar with which the Northwest coast is so densely covered. It was one of the many operated by the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, and my curiosity had been stimulated by being told that the methods employed by these Washington loggers were unique, that there was nothing like them to be seen in any other part of the country. "We do not bring our logs out of the woods by teams or pole-engines, neither do we have to wait for snow or high water." This much I was told; but when I asked, "What, then, do you use?" the answer was, "Well, principally the hump-durgin system," though what a hump-durgin was I never found out until I saw one.

The Northern Pacific train from Tacoma first crossed the broad Puyallup Valley, in which the golden hop-fields were nearly ready for the onslaught of an army of Indian pickers. Then it began to wind in and out among foot-hills, ever ascending, and occasionally darting off on spur tracks to visit some funny little mining settlement huddled on the narrow verge of a rushing stream, or perched on a precipitous hill-side. From these erratic excursions the train would back down to the main track, and soberly pursue its way until tempted by another side spur, when off it would dash again up or down some rugged cañon, as if bent on exploring the entire region. At length one of these spur tracks led to the coal-mining camp of Wilkeson, where I was to spend the night; and having safely deposited me and a mail-bag on a grimy little platform, the train backed respectfully away from the gulch.

This Wilkeson mine is one of the oldest and most important in Washington, and was opened as long ago as 1879. From it are taken 300 tons of coal per day, while the daily output of the long range of coke-ovens operated in connection with it is 50 tons of the best coke produced on the coast. Here are employed 325 men, at double the wages they would receive in the East; but while the camp is in reality a village of 1200 souls, it does not contain a single saloon. The discipline of the works is as perfect as the order maintained in this model mining camp, and both are due to the far-sighted wisdom and unbending firmness of manager J. H. Scott, a man who is famed throughout the far West for his skill in handling men. I first knew of him years ago when, as road-master of the A. and P., he was successfully working section gangs of Hualapais Indians, who had long been noted as being the most unruly savages in Arizona. No one else could manage them, but under Scott's rule they worked well and behaved like lambs. Now I found him running the most orderly and successful mining outfit in the Cascades.

That evening as we reminisced over our pipes, I asked him concerning his secret of successful management of the toughest elements among laboring-men, including a tribe of fighting Indians.

"I don't know that there is any secret about it," he laughed. "I always make a careful study of my men before I try to manage them at all. Then I mark out a policy and stick to it. With these Indians it was a policy of absolute adherence to my word after stating very plainly what I proposed to do. In the present case the rule that I find of greatest value is never to employ a talker, and to get rid of one as quietly and quickly as possible as soon as I discover his ability in that line."

"But a man may be a talker and yet harmless."

"Not when he is a miner among miners. There the man with a glib tongue quickly obtains an influence far greater than that of the boss. The moment he realizes this he becomes curious to test it, and sooner or later his experiments are bound to result in mischief. Mind you, I do not object to talkers among intelligent men, who are able to talk back and hold their own in an argument. It is only among fellow-citizens who are more ignorant or less shrewd than himself that the talker is dangerous. Now among the loggers whom you are to visit to-morrow, and nearly all of whom are from Maine, you will find an able set of talkers and a mighty interesting lot of fellows. As for the captain of the hump-durgin, he'll—"

"Hold on!" I interrupted. "Now that you have mentioned that thing, please stop and tell me what it is."

"What thing?"

"The hump-durgin."

"Ho, ho! Don't you know what a hump-durgin is? And haven't you ever ridden one?"

"No."

"Well, you'll find out all about it to-morrow."

And this was all the satisfaction I could obtain that night.

The following morning we boarded a train of empty flat cars, that were pushed a few miles up a branch track leading into the very heart of the forest. The valley rapidly narrowed, and the little glacier-fed stream whose windings we followed grew more boisterous and aggressive as we approached the wild regions of its birth. Finally the track ended on a small level, from which a deep gulch wound steeply away on the right. Here the flats were to be left until evening, when the locomotive would return and draw them, laden with huge logs, away toward the insatiable saws of the great Tacoma mill.

The bit of level beside which we halted was known as the "landing," and was paved with logs solidly embedded in the ground, laid a few feet apart, and at right angles to the track. The upper surface of these was worn white and smooth by the constant friction of other logs, for whose passage they afforded a solid roadway. At one side, and a couple of hundred feet apart, stood two stationary engines of about thirty horse-power each. One of them was used to "yank" the great logs up a set of skids on to the flats, while the other rolled in over a drum a slender wire cable that trailed its apparently endless length from somewhere far up the gulch.

"Yes," replied Mr. Scott, in answer to my inquiry, "it is a cable system. Nearly all Washington logging outfits have adopted it within the past three years, and by means of it alone we are enabled to beat the world in getting out lumber."

The bottom of the gulch up which the cable disappeared was laid with log cross-ties until it resembled a railway minus its rails. This was the central "skid road," which extended from the landing two miles into the forest, and connected with an arterial system of other skid roads that branched from it through every lateral ravine. Down these skid roads the huge logs are drawn by half-mile relays of wire cable, in tandem teams, or "turns," of from three to seven at a time, while up and down the same rugged highways ply the tireless hump-durgins.

As we watched the movement of the snakelike cable, there came from up the gulch a sound of bumping and sliding that rapidly increased in volume until finally the butt end of a log appeared swinging around a corner. The first monster was followed by a second, closely chained to it. Then came a third, fourth, and fifth, until the swaying, groaning procession was at length completed by a nondescript affair looking like a cross between a horse-trough and a dugout canoe. It was about twenty feet long, was pointed at both ends, was made fast to the last log of the "turn," and in it sat a man, who, as soon as the landing was reached, sprang out, cast loose his novel craft, and left it standing at the foot of the skid road. "That," said my companion, pointing to the canoelike affair, "is the famous hump-durgin, and if you care to you can take passage in it on its return trip, which will be made in a few minutes."

"All right," I answered. "It appears a sea-worthy craft, and I am confident that a cruise in it will prove enjoyable; but I should very much like to know why it is a 'hump-durgin,' as well as the etymology of the word."

"It is a hump-durgin," replied the manager, "because the captain of the first one ever launched called it so, and the word is derived from toboggan, which was the name originally applied to it. It's captain was not familiar with toboggans, however, and the word proved such a puzzler to him that the first time he was asked what he called his craft, he answered: 'The boss was calling it by the name of one of them Canuck sliding-machines, hump-durgin, I think he said it was.' This word was of course too good to lose, and hump-durgin it has been ever since, not only in this camp where it originated, but in all others to which the cable system has been introduced."

A few minutes later I was seated in the after-end of the dugout. It was laden with the iron dogs and chains with which the logs just arrived had been fastened together, and the captain was stationed well forward to look out for snags. We had been made fast to the return cable, a telephonic signal had been transmitted to the first relay engine, half a mile away, and the voyage was begun. My instructions were to hold on tight, watch out for "slews," and take care that my fingers didn't get jammed against the sheer skids. These were logs so placed at the sharp turns in the gulch as to divert passing logs or hump-durgins from the bank and sheer them into the main channel. At such points the proper position of the cable was maintained by both vertical and horizontal steel rollers. It was here, too, that the "slews" occurred, the hump-durgin being jerked around the corners and made to slide or "slew" across the road-bed with such sudden violence that an unwary passenger must inevitably have been flung out. On tangents the motion of the craft was generally smooth and bearable, though there came times when it pitched and pounded as though encountering a head-sea.

As our rate of speed was about four miles per hour, in less than ten minutes we reached the first relay station, where the hump-durgin was run into a snug berth, protected from descending logs by a heavy side skid. Here, housed in a rude shed, an upright engine of thirty-five horse-power was winding in two wire cables at once—the one that had drawn us up from the landing, and a second that was hauling a "turn" of logs down from further up the line. The length of these cables was so regulated that the logs arrived about half a minute after our craft had been safely docked, and on their appearance, followed by a second hump-durgin, I discovered that this was a transfer as well as a relay station, the original durgin being about to return from this point to the landing.

Hump-durgin No. 2, being intended for easier grades and less violent "slews" than the other, was a much lighter affair and differently constructed. It was formed of two small logs, squared, pointed at both ends, set a couple of feet apart, and joined by a solid platform with slightly raised sides. As the other durgin suggested a canoe, so this one resembled a catamaran. A transfer of cables being made, and telephonic starting signals having been sent up and down the line, the "turn" of logs disappeared in one direction, while we set forth in the other.

The second section of skid road led across swamps, running streams, and gullies. It passed through the loggers' camp, and from it branched several other roads, some of them abandoned because the territory to which they led had been cut out, and some giving access to virgin forest, as yet untouched by axe or saw. Its general trend was still upward, and we found relay engine No. 3 located a hundred or more feet higher than the one we had just left. Here occurred a second transfer and a repetition of the scene witnessed at the preceding station. Hump-durgin No. 3 was also a catamaran, and its route was the most interesting yet traversed. The gulch had been left behind, and the skid road now climbed or wound around hill-sides. In places these were so precipitous that the outer edge of the road was protected by heavy log guards, while all the skids sloped toward the inner side. Occasionally, in order to gain grade, it had even been found necessary to construct zigzags or loops, in which one portion of the skid road would appear directly above another, and one was thankful that there was no possible chance of a "turn" of logs being on the grade above while he was ascending. It sometimes though rarely happens, when the road is wet and slippery, that logs will begin sliding on their own account, become unmanageable, gather speed like an avalanche as they rush down the grade, leap or sweep away the barrier at some curve, and plunge with a crushing roar into the valley below. At such a time it is policy for the captain of a hump-durgin to desert his craft as quickly as possible, for he might as well be attached to the tail of a comet as to be hurled through space in the wake of a runaway "turn" of these mammoth logs.

An effect very similar to that of a runaway may be witnessed at any time on a log-road whose steepest grades are overcome by chutes. These vary in length from one hundred feet to a quarter of a mile, and are huge troughs, with bottom and sides of logs firmly embedded in the ground, as well as further held in place by stout stakes or braces. A log, once started over the brink of one of these chutes, rushes downward with frightful velocity, hissing, roaring, and enveloped in a cloud of frictional smoke. If the chute leads to a lake or an arm of the sea, the smoking monster uplifts a column of water like that caused by a submarine explosion as he plunges into the yielding element. He dives deep, shoots beneath the surface, and finally emerges with a leap like that of a frolicksome whale. If the chute does not lead into water it must end with a short but sharp acclivity, on which the log may expend its furious energy. In descending one of these slides the bed of which has been worn to the smoothness of glass by the passage of many logs, the hump-durgin becomes indeed a toboggan, and its occupants experience the same breathless thrills that accompany the icy flight of its Canadian prototype.

As the luxuries of all travel gradually disappear in a wilderness, so on the last half-mile of this skid road there was no hump-durgin; passengers were forced to walk, and the final length of cable was drawn by a team of horses back to the scene of active logging operations. Here was the virgin forest of lofty firs and giant cedars, whose mighty trunks shot upward, smooth, unblemished, and straight as the columns of a temple, from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. It was a place of silence and deep cool shadows, flecked by scattered points of golden sunlight. It was sweet-scented with the odors of resin, with the perfume of newly cut cedar, and with the fragrance of crushed ferns. It was softly carpeted with sphagnum-mosses, from which sprang a dense growth of ferns, ranging in infinite variety from the daintiest and tiniest specimens to giants that would overtop a tall man. An occasional dash of color was lent by clumps of the high-bush scarlet whortleberry, that yields a pleasant acid and is highly esteemed by thirsty loggers. But it was a songless forest, and save for the presence of inquisitive squirrels, and softly flitting jays clad in complete suits of dark navy blue, it seemed devoid of animal life.

In sharp contrast to the profound silence reigning elsewhere throughout the mighty forest, the scene at the terminus of the skid road was one of noisy animation. The wooded aisles rang with incessant axe strokes, the raucous swish of long, fierce-toothed saws, the jangle of chains, and the shouting of teamsters; for the donkey-engines of the California redwoods have not yet invaded the fir forests of the Northwest, and in them the teamster still reigns supreme. There was the laughter and singing of light-hearted men, and above all came the occasional thunderous crash of stately woodland kings deposed and hurled from their lofty thrones.

Of this magnificent timber, while much is taken, a far greater quantity is left, for the loggers of this generation are but skimming the cream of the vast Northwestern forests,

selecting for present use only the largest and finest trees, and leaving those of inferior growth for their as yet unborn successors. Still, the present waste of timber is prodigious and inexcusable. A pernicious custom of the coast is to cut all trees at a height of from eight to ten feet above the ground, leaving stumps containing millions of feet of the finest lumber to useless decay. The paltry excuses for this waste are that the reduced girth of the tree at that height calls for less labor in the falling, that the tree is less resinous at that point than lower down, and so more easily cut, and that as the fir forests of Washington are inexhaustible it doesn't make any difference whether their product is utilized or wasted. But the timber supply of these forests is not inexhaustible any more than it was in Maine or Michigan, and at the present rate of destruction conservative estimates predict the utter disappearance of Washington's valuable timber within sixty years. Not only is the waste of fir timber at both top and bottom of the tree most prodigal, but as there is little present demand for cedar lumber, cedar shingles having sold on Puget Sound last year as low as sixty-five cents per thousand, the finest cedar-trees, superb great fellows from three to five feet in diameter, are being used in the construction of skid roads, because they are easy to split, and with them large surfaces may be quickly covered.

The high cutting of these Northwestern trees is not accomplished by means of platforms such as are used in the redwood forests of California, but by the use of a very ingenious contrivance known as a spring or chopping board. It is a slender board, about five feet long, of tough vine maple, shod at the inner end with a stout steel spur. This end of the board is inserted in a deep notch cut in the tree trunk. As the chopper stands on the support thus afforded, his weight causes the spur to bite more and more deeply into the wood and to hold his board with ever-increasing firmness. When two choppers, or "fallers," as they are called, have by means of their boards attained what they consider a proper height on a tree doomed to destruction, they first chop a deep

FALLERS CHOPPING THE "UNDERCUT."

"under-cut" on the side that is to be undermost when the tree is down. The head faller determines the exact position in which the felled tree shall lie by sighting from the centre of this under-cut along his axe-helve, and so exact is he in his calculation that he is willing to draw a line on the ground at right angles to the tree and to guarantee that the prostrate trunk shall cover its entire length. With the direction of falling decided upon and the under-cut completed, a long two-handled saw is called into requisition, and with the two brawny fallers working it from their spring-boards on the side of the tree opposite to that of the under-cut, the fate of the forest monarch is decided within half an hour. It yields up its life with one grand, far-echoing crash, and at once becomes the prey of buckers, who saw it into thirty-foot lengths, barkers, hook-tenders, rigging-slingers, hand-skidders, and teamsters, who, with teams of splendid horses, aided by tackle of heavy blocks and lengths of wire cable, drag it to the end of the skid road. Thus in an inconceivably short space of time the mighty tree, shorn of all its stately beauty, and converted into a "turn" of logs, is being hauled by relay after relay of cable down the winding skid road toward the distant landing and the still more distant mill that is to convert it into lumber. In these Washington forests there is no waiting for snow nor for high water, no sledding, rafting, nor river driving, and by the aid of engines, cables, and railroads the fir-tree of to-day may easily become the lumber of to-morrow, and be voyaging in Pacific waters to ports of far-away China or Japan the day after.

Under these conditions the work of a Northwest logging camp never ceases, and it quickly assumes a permanent and villagelike aspect unknown to similar communities in the East. In a camp that originally contained only the familiar dining-shed, stable, blacksmith's shop, and big log dormitory in which all hands may bunk at night, numerous other buildings soon begin to appear. The foreman, certain of an all-the-year-round job, decides to bring his wife to camp, and must build a house for her accommodation. Some of the men follow suit. Others, desiring a privacy that is not afforded by the public dormitory, or something in the nature of a home, devote their leisure to the building of little "shacks" or cabins, of which sides, roofs, floor, doors, and furniture are all made of split cedar. Their further leisure is spent in the furnishing and embellishing of these tiny houses. They run out porch roofs, construct comfortable lounging-seats in which to smoke their evening pipes, and by-and-by they experiment warily with garden seeds. Flowers and vines put in a timid appearance and decide to remain, the winding paths among the stumps take on the aspect of rude streets, a store becomes a necessity, and the patient hump-durgin comes up from the landing laden with many a package of goods besides logging tools. All at once it becomes apparent that the camp is no longer a camp, but has become a village, that in the near future, when its surrounding forests shall be supplanted by fields and orchards, may be the centre of an agricultural district yielding even greater wealth than the sombre woodlands to which it owes its existence.

PRACTICAL ROAD-IMPROVEMENT.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

It has been my privilege to discuss the road-improvement question several times in these pages during the past few years. The agitation for better roads has hitherto been simply a campaign of education, and so it must continue for several years to come, though the advocates of this important economical and social measure are gratified by the knowledge that in several sections of the country their teachings have borne fruit, and a practical and permanent betterment of the roads has resulted. This has been more notably the case in certain sections of New Jersey than elsewhere, and the wise and liberal laws of that State will no doubt enable all sections to secure good common highways within the present decade.

This road question, to be sure, is a very old one, and was agitated by both Washington and Hamilton in the early days of the republic. And it has continued to be an important question ever since, though at times it has seemed, so far as the general public knew or cared, much more dead than alive. When the national government had about been committed to the policy of improving the highways, as postal and military roads, the railway came into being, and for something like a generation and a half we heard nothing about the common roads. The iron tracks and the steam-engine filled full the minds of the people, and the common roads, that seemed on the eve of a rescue from the neglect of the local authorities, were forgotten, and were suffered to remain in a worse neglect than before. But the extension of the railroads has emphasized the importance of good roads, for now time is of more value than it formerly was, and every intelligent tiller of the soil knows how all-important it is to have his products in the market at the right moment. The recent awakening to the importance of better roads is not due, however, to the farmers themselves. Unurged they would probably have slept on for another generation, but the bicycle-riders of the country became active and vigilant road inspectors and critics. We owe to these men and women a debt of gratitude for their outspoken and ceaseless denunciation of the miserable highways which are the rule in this country. The farmers at first did not take kindly to this criticism, and legislators from purely agricultural sections were either merry or angry at what they considered the interference of mere sportsmen. But the bicycle-riders spoke words of wisdom and truth, and these in time found lodgement in the minds of the men who were at first inclined to scoff. The great argument that has always been used to encourage practical action has been that if any neighborhood once had even a small section of good roadway, the people would quickly realize the benefits of proper roads, and see to it that the whole neighborhood was supplied. Now this was a good argument, and the prophecy it contained has been fulfilled in several instances.

In 1888 the New Jersey Legislature passed an act "authorizing the inhabitants of townships to place all roads and streets within the township under the management of the township committee, and to raise money by bonds for grading, macadamizing, and improving the same." Under this law several townships of Union County took action very quickly. Indeed, the law was passed at the instance of enterprising Union County men. When a good system of roads had been completed in parts of that county the social and economical conditions were at once changed. Property-owners who could not find purchasers for lands that were then unprofitable were now unwilling to sell at prices fifty and one hundred per cent. larger than those at which the lands had gone begging. Building sites were in great demand for country places for city men, and the farmers were happy in an unaccustomed prosperity. The example of Union County was followed in that immediate part of the State, but now a more liberal law with State aid has for a time put a stop to this kind of improvement by townships. But in another part of the State there has been a more striking and more interesting instance of how better roads will be demanded so soon as the people know what better roads are.

Moorestown, in Chester township of Burlington County, is about ten miles from Philadelphia. It is a Quaker neighborhood, and the Friends are a notably conservative body of men. The section is admirably adapted to the growth of vegetables and small fruits, and the excellent markets in Philadelphia are to a great extent supplied from there. The soil is sandy where it is not clayey, and sometimes it is both. Till within three years past the country roads have been as bad as roads could be. In summer and autumn they were more than fetlock-deep in a heavy dust through which wagons were drawn with toilsome weariness; in the winter and spring many of these roads were almost impassable, and the farmer who sent a loaded wagon away entered upon as hazardous a venture as the merchant who despatched ships to unknown seas. When the team would return was only a matter of conjecture, and if the load weighed two tons, four horses were needed to drag it through the sand and mire, and even then the wagons often stuck. The conservative people of Moorestown several years ago lost patience with some of these bad and dangerous pieces of road, and the township of Chester appropriated $1500 to macadamize such places. The township of Cinnaminson, adjoining, did likewise, and during the summer several little stretches of good stone road were laid. For the first time in their lives many of the people of the neighborhood saw a piece of good road. It is true there were turnpikes in the township coated with gravel, and one or two with a rubble-stone pavement on them, but these were not good roads at all except when compared with the sandy roads before mentioned. Now there was an immediate demand for stone roads in all the chief highways of the township. Under the law of 1888 the township voted to issue bonds for $40,000, and to spend this money for macadamized roads. This was done the next year, and for this sum the township secured twelve miles of roadway nine feet wide. This was at a cost of a trifle over $3300 a mile. It is true that the grading to be done was not heavy, but then again the stone had to be brought a great distance. Where grading is heavier and good stone near at hand this cost need not be exceeded, though it is safer, perhaps, for those who may be inspired by the example of Moorestown, to estimate that a good road twelve feet wide will cost $5000 per mile. It is true that twelve feet of width is not always necessary. Ten feet does very well in most country neighborhoods, and in the Moorestown section the narrow nine feet of pavement answers every purpose.

Now what has been the effect of this road improvement in the neighborhood of Moorestown? The improvements have been too recently made to answer this question with entire definiteness, but that there has been an appreciation in the value of all property is certain. For years past, I was told by men of affairs of the locality, it has been most difficult to settle estates owning farming lands where there was a necessity to sell. No purchasers were forth-coming at anything like adequate prices, and the lands had to be held by the executors. Now there is no such difficulty, as lands are in demand, and in every direction, even in these dull times, are to be seen the evidences of a spirit of improvement. Here there will be a splendid mansion in process of building; across the way the shabby old house that has done service for a hundred years and more is being burnished up and put in repair; lawns even to farm-houses are rolled and shaved with the lawn-mower, while the hideous front fences which deform the ordinary village are being taken down as fast as intelligence can overcome the obstinacy of prejudice.

But this is not all that has been done in Moorestown. In 1891 the State Legislature passed a law appropriating $75,000 annually for good roads, and providing that whenever two-thirds of the property-owners on a section of road not less than a mile long should agree to pay ten per cent. of the cost of a macadamized road, the county must pay fifty-six and two-thirds per cent. and the State thirty-three and one-third per cent. Under this law Chester township has secured the improvement of five miles of road, and the adjoining (Cinnaminson) township seven miles, so that in the immediate neighborhood of Moorestown, in addition to the turnpikes, there are twenty-four miles of admirable stone roadway. When the township improves a road under the law of 1888 the township must maintain it; under the State aid law of 1891 the maintenance is at the cost of the county. There is one danger from which these roads may suffer. They are so good that they may be suffered to fall into disrepair, because, even when out of order, they are still so much better than the old-time roads that the people would be content with them. This would be a very great pity, for a well-constructed macadamized road, well maintained, will last forever. And the maintenance of a good road ought not to cost more than two per cent. of its first cost; indeed, many engineers of experience say that maintenance should not exceed one per cent. Whether it be one or two per cent. the money should be spent promptly and regularly, for it is true in road-repairing, as in many other things, that a stitch in time saves nine. At any rate, the cost of repair would not amount to nearly so much as the money now ordinarily spent in working the roads. Working the roads is a good name for the present prevailing method. They are worked to death and made impassable till the kindly rains undo the work by washing what has been put on the roads back into the ditches.

Camden County, which adjoins Burlington, has also taken advantage of the State aid law, and nearly fourteen miles of Telford pavement have been laid. These Camden County roads are excellent, though not as good as macadam, and they probably cost more money than they should have done; but neither tax-payers nor assessed property-owners grumble. Here is a résumé of the cost of the Camden County Telford roads:

Church Road, 14 feet wide, 3¼ miles long		$30,690 42
White Horse Road, 14 feet wide, 7½ miles long		76,337 17
Gloucester Road, 14 feet wide, 2¼ miles long		16,943 75
Total		$123,971 34
State's proportion	$40,747 11	
County's proportion	70,827 10	
Property-owners' proportion	12,397 13	
		$123,971 34

The same result could probably have been obtained for very much less money, but Camden County is blessed with a boss—a man who owns a race-track at Gloucester, and also serves in the Legislature at Trenton.

Reference has been made to the uncertainty that a farmer felt when he sent off a load to market as to when his team would return with the usual load of manure. Now the time of return can be depended on with entire confidence, while two horses and one man do more than three times as much work as it used to take four horses and two men to accomplish. There is a plain mathematical problem that those who have any doubts as to the benefits to be derived from better roads would do well to ponder over. One farmer in the neighborhood of which I have been writing told me that he now got twice as much manure every year for $100 less money. In the old times a wagon weighing 1900 pounds, with four horses and two men, could take two and a half tons of produce to market and bring back the same weight of manure in one day—if the team had good luck and escaped getting stuck. Now one man, with two horses in a wagon weighing 2300 pounds, carries four tons forth and back and makes the journey twice.

There is another interesting and instructive mathematical problem to solve. The last statement is made with the authority of a prominent farmer in Camden County, and is the result of his own experience under previous and present conditions. A wheelwright in Burlington County told me that he is kept busy building larger wagons. Formerly four-horse wagons were built to carry fifty five-eighth bushel baskets. Now he is building two-horse wagons with a capacity varying from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five baskets of the same size. These are facts that even dull people can comprehend, and therefore there is no excuse, after these practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from better roads, for any sensible opposition. The social advantages of good roads are felt at once that improvements have been made, and there are no more zealous advocates of road-betterment in Burlington County than the city men residing there, who personally have only a secondary interest in the economic advantages. With a good hard stone road to drive over, a man who starts out on pleasure bent has a feeling of assurance that he will get back home in decent season—therefore he goes where he pleases. With the old roads the uncertainty of getting back made him stay at home.

In the administration of the State aid law New Jersey is fortunate in the present officer whose duty it is to administer that law. It is the duty of the president of the State Board of Agriculture, Mr. Edward Burrough, to decide where the annual appropriation of $75,000 shall be spent. His idea is to so distribute this money that every neighborhood shall have an object-lesson in road-building. Then he thinks the other roads will be improved either by the counties or townships. Himself a farmer, with experience both of bad and good roads, he knows the disadvantages of the one and the benefits of the other, and he is zealous and enthusiastic in his desire to see the roads of the whole State as good as they are in the neighborhood of the quiet but prosperous old neighborhood of Moorestown.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

BY ARTHUR M. BARNES.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.

ENTERPRISE and Memory do not find congenial lodging under the same roof. New York is too busy grasping what is, and pursuing what may be, to dally among the lights and shades of the past. Yet some of her open areas seem to stay the incessant throngs, and compel them to think for a few moments of by-gone days, events, and things.

Washington Square is such a halting-place, one of the very few of which Manhattan Island can boast. Between the two great parallel highways, Broadway and Sixth Avenue, and at the lower terminus of Fifth Avenue, it is an alluring by-place for a quiet stroll. If you will let Dame Memory weave her spell over you, and for a few moments banish over-busy Enterprise from your presence, Washington Square will become vocal with curious or thrilling or heroic or plaintive speech as you listen and look on either hand.

The area now occupied by the square is first mentioned in the histories as a springy marsh, from which a little brook trickled. At this period a canal ran where Canal Street now is, and Broadway terminated at Astor Place, where a rail fence stood. Wouter Van Twiller's tobacco farm then flourished in the neighborhood of Grove Street Park.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the area was purchased by the city, and became the Potter's Field. In the summer of 1798 an epidemic of yellow fever devastated New York, and many prominent citizens were laid in this humble burial-ground beside the poor and unknown.

In 1830, when France was preparing to shake off the yoke of her Bourbon king, this area, then transformed into the Washington Parade-Ground, was the scene of a grand celebration under the auspices of the French Americans, who wished to demonstrate their sympathy with the uprising Parisians.

Authorities differ as to where the bones from the old Potter's Field were taken when the place was improved. One authority asserts that the bones were collected and deposited in trenches on the side of the square. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact that old New-Yorkers will point out to you the blue mist sometimes overhanging the square on hot summer mornings, and tell you it is the vapors from the old graveyard, to linger in which is death.

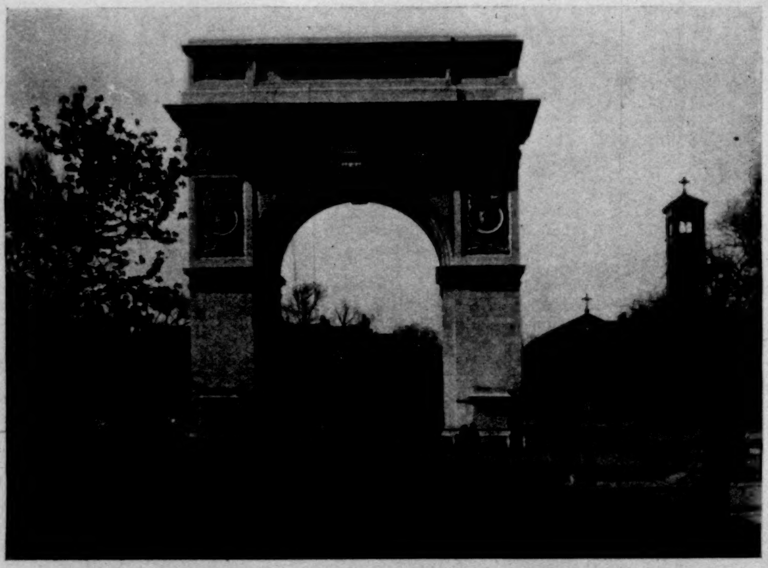
Those restful pedestrians called tramps seem to find nourishment rather than death in the haze.

The north side of the square, bisected by the lower terminus of Fifth Avenue, is full of suggestion to the most careless observer. Opposite the end of the avenue is the new Washington Arch, of which it may be said that the sky-piercing monument at the national capital, and the statues in marble or bronze, and the portraits on canvas—all of which perpetuate the name and fame of our first countryman—are none of them superior to this white marble span forming the northern gateway of the square in impressive beauty and power to quicken patriotism.

New-Yorkers will never forget the Centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration in April and May, 1889. The three magnificent processions, the speeches and the decorations, all left imprints on the memory which cannot soon be effaced. Foremost among the elaborate decorations was a great white triumphal arch which spanned Fifth Avenue at its terminus. It was due to the public spirit and enterprise of William R. Stewart that this arch was erected, and it was due to the arch itself that press and public enthusiastically recommended that steps be taken to reproduce the arch in permanent form as a monument to the completion of our first century of republican government.

A committee was organized, with Henry G. Marquand, president; Richard Watson Gilder, secretary; and William R. Stewart, treasurer. Stanford White, who had so successfully designed the temporary arch, was instructed to prepare designs for a new arch of marble. Several serious obstacles were in the path of Mr. Stewart while raising the $116,000 necessary to complete the fund: the Johnstown calamity, the World's Fair agitation, the monetary panic, and the raising of the Sherman Monument fund all tended to distract public attention from the Memorial Arch.

WAVERLY PLACE.



WASHINGTON ARCH.

On Decoration day, 1890, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies on a site inside of Washington Square directly opposite the site of the wooden arch.

Almost every public park has its statues of the illustrious great, but not until June 4, 1888, was Washington Square so favored. On that date, however, a bronze statue of Garibaldi of heroic size was unveiled in the eastern portion of the square. This statue was presented to the city by the Italian residents. Garibaldi is represented in the act of drawing his sword, and looks as if he were momentarily expecting the entire Austrian army to emerge from Macdougal Street.

On October 2, 1890, there was unveiled in the western portion of the square a bust of Alexander Lyman Holley, "foremost among those whose genius and energy established in the United States and improved throughout the world the use and manufacture of Bessemer steel. Erected by engineers of two continents." At this point a fine picture was until lately formed, looking toward the east, by the towers of the university and "Old Asbury" church looming up above the trees in the distance. This picture has been impaired by the great commercial buildings which have recently been erected in the neighborhood, and by the tearing down of the famous university itself to make room for another business block.

An unmistakable atmosphere of aristocracy seems to pervade the row of unassuming brick residences which forms the northern boundary of the square. These houses alone remain to tell of the days of 1831, when Washington Square was one of the most quiet and fashionable portions of the city. Even at this late day they stand as a barrier against the tenement-house, to which they seem to say: "Keep your distance! You cannot cross the square." The tide of humanity flows over at the sides, however. The inhabitants of the negro colony known as Africa swarm up Seventh Avenue, and a portion of the Sicilian members of our population migrates to Little Italy in Harlem, but at Fifth Avenue the tide is effectually checked by these two blocks of residences, and South Fifth Avenue resembles its namesake about as much as Mulberry Bend resembles Murray Hill.

Some of the original houses which were built about sixty years ago still remain. The Rhinelander estate still stands on the western corner of Fifth Avenue, and directly opposite stands the mansion of Hon. Edward Cooper, which may be distinguished by the lamps with which the city provides its active and retired Mayors.

Generals McClellan and Sickles, beside other men of note, have in times past also resided near this pleasant park. Commodore Vanderbilt used to live near by on Washington Place.

THE JUDSON MEMORIAL BUILDING.

THE GARIBALDI STATUE.

Old Sol had risen over the Gothic towers of the University of the City of New York for fifty-seven years before the work of demolition was begun. Modern architecture has made little improvement over this imposing structure, towering as it did above the lofty elms and buttonwoods. This building was the birthplace of the recording telegraph, for Professor Morse lived and taught

OUT OF WORK.

here when he made his great invention. Here also Professor Draper made the first picture of the human face by the light of the sun. The university is practically free, and accommodates, together with its uptown annex, about one thousand students. When the university was in course of construction the contractors had the cutting of the white freestone done by the convicts of Sing Sing prison. This action so enraged the labor organization that a fierce riot ensued, known as the stone-cutters' riot. The records do not state whether or not the stone-cutters ordered their boys to retaliate with a boycott on the university. It may be of interest to note here that Union Theological Seminary, which has recently been the subject of much criticism in connection with the inaugural address of Professor Briggs, was first opened in a plain brick building which stood alongside the university.

"Old Asbury," as the Methodist Episcopal Church is

WHERE THE DOGS TAKE AN AIRING.

called, is another imposing structure; in fact, from a distance it seemed like a continuation of the university, its material and style of architecture being somewhat similar.

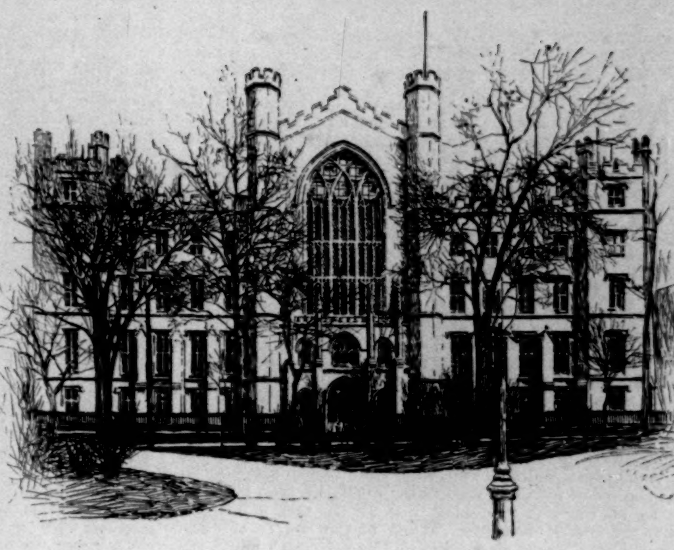
The interest of South Washington Square centres in the new memorial Baptist church, which was erected in memory of Adoniram Judson, the first American foreign missionary, a man who labored and suffered forty years among the Burmese, and translated the entire Scriptures into their language. The Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., a son of the missionary, after several years' successful labor among the poorer classes of New York, conceived the idea of erecting a church building as a memorial to his father. A location was chosen on the border-land between the rich and the poor, and with the aid of subscriptions from all parts of the country this noble church was erected. The architecture is Romanesque, strongly influenced by an early basilica treatment, and the material is light brown Roman brick trimmed with pale yellow terra-cotta. The architect was Mr. Stanford White. A novel feature of the building is the illuminated cross which surmounts the tower. Next to the church, but part of the same architectural combination, stands a stately structure used as an apartment-house, being an endowment to the missionary and educational work of the church. Among the departments of work in connection with the church may be mentioned the Young Men's Club, with gymnasium, social room, and reading-room; the Day Nursery; and the Hiram Deats Memorial Home for Children. The whole church property cost over $400,000. General Hawkins organized and drilled his famous Zouaves on the ground now occupied by this church.

Readers of the daily papers will undoubtedly recall the robbery of Mrs. Hicks-Lord's diamonds, which occurred at the west side of the square several years ago, creating quite a sensation.

Washington Square has figured somewhat in literature. Theodore Winthrop's *Cecil Dreeme* relates to artist life in the university, or, as he calls it, "Chrysalis College." One may easily locate the rooms mentioned from the accurate description in this book. Henry James has given us a society novel with the title of *Washington Square*. F. Marion Crawford made two of *The Three Fates* reside on the north side of the square, while H. C. Bunner laid the scene of his charming story *The Midge* on the southern and more democratic side. N. P. Willis once lived on the south side of the square, and it was while taking exercise within it that he was assaulted with a horsewhip in the hands of Edwin Forrest.

The rich utilize the park simply as a promenade, or as a place to exercise their dogs (which, by-the-way, often seem to be exercising their keepers, judging from the rate at which they pull them along). To the middle and lower classes it serves much more varied purposes. It is to them an oasis in a barren desert. Perhaps to the children it serves its noblest end; it surely would if those little red signs—"Keep off the Grass"—were only removed. Lovers also like to promenade here, and occupy those seats which do not have the unsociable partition.

To the tramp, who is attracted hither in summer by the cool shade, the square serves several purposes. It serves him first in the capacity of a restaurant, where he may eat his luncheon unmolested. Next it serves him for a reading-room, where he may read the paper in which his luncheon was wrapped. Lastly it serves as a lodging-house, where he slumbers peacefully until the "sparrow cop" comes



THE UNIVERSITY."

around and awakens him. The feminine pronoun applies as well as the masculine in speaking of tramps. Let me quote a paragraph from Mr. Riis's book *How the Other Half Lives*:

"The experiment made by a well-known stove-manufacturer a winter or two ago in the way of charity might have thrown much-desired light on the question of the number of tramps in the city could it have been carried to a successful end. He opened a sort of breakfast shop for the idle and unemployed in the region of Washington Square, offering to all who had no money a cup of coffee and a roll for nothing. The first morning he had a dozen customers, the next about 200. The number increased until one morning, at the end of two weeks, found by actual count 2014 shivering creatures in line waiting their turn for a seat at the tables. The shop was closed that day. It was one of the rare instances of too great a rush of custom wrecking a promising business, and the great problem remained unsolved."

Mr. Riis informs me that this incident took place at the southwest end of the square.

THE HOLLEY MEMORIAL.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XII.

A SYMPOSIUM.

MATT'S desire to hear the brotherhood of the brush on art was gratified *ad nauseam* at Cornpepper's, for a batch of artists of all ages, together with a couple of journalists, assembled in the big bare studio to smoke their own pipes and to say "when" to the neat-handed model who dispensed the host's whiskey. Some declared they wanted it neat to take off the effects of a grewsome tale with which Rapper had started the evening. It was about the time when he had studied art in Berlin and attended Ringschneider's anatomy class. ("I'm not much of an artist, but I do know anatomy," he interpolated.) One day, when the corpse upon which the professor was about to demonstrate was uncovered, the students recognized, to their horror, a favorite fellow-pupil who had been away for a few days. He had been taken ill in his garret, conveyed to the hospital, and being alone in the world, had been sold to the lecture-room. The startled class immediately subscribed for another corpse, and buried the unfortunate boy with due honor. Greme tried to counteract this tale by another one about a model, an old fellow named William Tell, who, after vainly applying at the Slade and Lambeth schools for work, had been taken up by the St. George's Sketching Club for the sake of his picturesque corded breeches. When at the end of the two hours' spell the men were criticising one another's work, one said to another, "There doesn't seem to be any leg under those breeches." Overhearing which, William Tell fell to indignantly unbuttoning his gaiters.

The arrival of a twinkling-eyed caricaturist, joyously greeted by all as "Jimmy," dispelled the last flavors of the mortuary. "Aren't you in China?" everybody asked. Jimmy explained he had thrown up the commission, but was off to the West Indies next month, though he expected to find himself in Paris instead, and Jimmy having likewise said "when," launched into an account of an East End girl he had sketched that morning in the Park, and quoted her idea of a coster gentleman. "My brother's a toff," he had overheard her boasting. "He wears three rows of buttons down his trousers and sixteen went-'oles in 'is 'at." "And who do you think I saw in the Park?" he went on. "Egyptian Bill."

"No?" cried various voices. "What was he preaching?"

"Buddhism," said Jimmy. "He's sitting to Winkelman, that old chap who became a Buddhist when he was painting those Eastern things the critics made such a fuss about."

There was a laugh at the expense of the Mohammedan model who always suited his religion to his employer.

"When I did him," said Jimmy, "I pretended to be a Jew, and it was great fun after he became a Jew to tell him I was a Christian. . . . I don't know which was the biggest lie," he added, with his droll twinkle.

"Did you hear about the Hindoo who went to see Winkelman's things at Dowdeswells?" said Curtis. "He spat out. You see, he knew the real thing."

"Don't you wish they supplied spittoons at the Academy?" asked Jimmy.

It was the red rag. For the next ten minutes the absurdities of the Academy and the transcendent merits of the Salon (which most of them had run over to Paris to see) occupied the tapis, and then a spectacled Scotchman who answered to the name of Mack dilated upon the decadence of the grisette and the degeneracy of the students' orgies.

"Ah, but still Paris stands for the joy of life," said Cornpepper. "They are not ashamed of living."

"They ought to be," said Matt, and the company laughed, as at a good joke.

"Our young friend thinks the artist should be moral," said Herbert, paternally.

"He'll say art should be moral next," said Mack.

"It isn't immoral, is it?" said Matt, feebly.

"It's neither moral nor immoral," pronounced the little host, magisterially, as he grasped his perch more tightly, "any more than it's lunar or cardinal. The artist thinks and feels in line and color. He sees Nature green or gray."

"And so long as he doesn't see it double—" put in Jimmy.

"Quite so," said Cornpepper—"so long as he isn't too drunk to keep his brush steady we ask no more of him. In fact, it's always best to be in love with your sitter—that's what gives *chic*."

"Rot!" said a granite-faced, white-bearded septuagenarian who had been smoking in silent amusement. "*Chic* comes merely from painting with brushes too large for the work."

"Avast there, Rocks!" said Jimmy. "We don't want any of your revolutionary notions here. What would you say if we denounced backgrounds at the Academy dinner?"

"Avast yourself!" cried Cornpepper, rather angrily. "This is Liberty Hall. I won't be classed with the new school or with any school. Because I exhibit with you chaps, people credit me with your views. You might as well say I agree with the President because I'm on the line in the Academy."

"Have you got a picture in the Academy, Teddy? I didn't notice it," said Wilfred Smith, the journalist, thereby expressing what was in Matt's mind too.

"There you are!" said Rocks. "When you come among us, you're lost. It's only by our rejecting you that we make you famous. When you exhibit by yourselves, you stand out."

"I allow Rocks to talk," said little Cornpepper, with a good-natured smile. "He was the first to detect my talent, and I am really sorry to be the last to detect his. I think his big nudes are shocking. He and Tarmigan are a pair. Where is the point of painting heathen mythology?"

"I only paint the nude because I can't paint clothes," said Rocks, smiling. "You are all so versatile nowadays."

"Ah, Teddy 'll come round to the classic, too, one day," said Curtis, with a weary expression on his worn face. "You should have seen his joy when he got the invitation for Varnishing day."

"Nothing of the sort," cried little Cornpepper, glaring through his eye-glass, and humping himself into a more owl-like curve. "I didn't even accept the invitation. I hold that pictures should be unfinished *before* Varnishing day." The glare relaxed under his pleasure at the laugh, and he added, more quietly: "Do let us drop shop, for Heaven's sake. I'm not one of a school—I'm myself. And I don't say salvation lies with any sect. Give me style. That's all I want."

"Will you have it neat?" murmured Jimmy.

"Style, not school," pursued Cornpepper, pleased with the phrase. "Take literature! There's style in Boccaccio, and style in Flaubert, and style in Wycherley. Even a moral work may pass if it has style—Pope's satires, for instance. So, too, in painting. I don't find style in Bouguereau or Fred Walker, in Rocks or Tarmigan, who are only fit for chromos, but I do find it in Mantegna, in Fortuny, in Degas, in—"

"Good-by," said Jimmy, getting up. "I have to meet my wife at ten."

"Oh, there's lots of time," said Cornpepper. "Carrie, pass Jimmy the whiskey. Sit down. There's a good chap." And Jimmy sat down.

"Style's a square touch and a feathery outline," said Buller.

"Style's merely a decorative appearance," said Mack. "A picture is primarily a decoration; it has no existence in itself."

"Style's an accident. Look at the blottesque effects you get in water-color," said Rocks.

"And every art—except the art to blot," quoted Levison, the second journalist, who also posed as a war artist in times of peace.

"When I was in Antwerp, under Villat," said Rapper—"a fierce little man he was—he used to come and correct our canvases with big blotches of burnt sienna and lamp-black on the last day of a model. Rocks would call that a blottesque effect. Now I flatter myself *I* can tell you what style is, though I don't profess to get it myself. Style is—"

"The art of leaving in or leaving out accidents," finished Rocks.

"Jimmy gets his effects by leaving out all the dead lines of his first sketch," said Wilfred Smith, the journalist. "Don't you, Jimmy?"

"So I'm told," said Jimmy.

"Style *is* the art of leaving out," said Herbert. "They don't leave out the R.A.'s pictures in the Academy. Hence the absence of style in the show."

"Tut, tut, tut! Shop again," said Cornpepper, despairingly. "The only chance of progress for art is in neglecting values—not from ignorance, like the Germans, but from intention, like Monet; not seeing Nature through a bit of black glass, like Millet, but painting real sunlight, so that the exact hour of day is recorded on the canvas."

"How can you paint sunlight?" asked Matt. "Paint's only mud."

"Quite so," said Greme. "That's why you must get optics to help you, and mix your primaries on the canvas, not on the palette, with a Bright's brush."

"What! have you got Bright's disease, too?" laughed Rocks. "That *Vibriste* nonsense has been the ruin of young Dircks. He used to be quite second rate, but since he crossed the Channel he squeezes his tubes on to his canvas, and it's all streaks like a clown's face."

"Paint is neither mud nor sunlight," interposed Buller. "It's paint. Glory in it as Manet does. Don't pretend it's silk or wood. According to the Academy, the highest art is to conceal paint."

"Shop again!" groaned Cornpepper. "We're an awfully narrow set, we artists, always girding at each other's methods, though we're all trying for the same thing. All I object to in the Academy is its existence. No body of men has the right to say to the public *l'art c'est moi*. I don't for a moment claim our work's better than theirs, only—"

"That theirs is worse than ours," suggested Jimmy.

"It's all very well, but their ideal is smooth things," persisted Buller, vehemently. "Smooth things in paint, in life, and in after-dinner speeches. I should have taken the Gold Medal in my year, and been spared years of grinding misery, if I had scraped out the life with a fish shell or a razor blade."

"Bother the Academy!" said Herbert, hastily. "Pass me the jug."

"The idea of setting a subject, too!" said Greme. "They go on a false analogy; art can't be got at by a competitive examination. It isn't like Latin or Greek or the use of the globes; it's the expression of individual temperament. And it's always such a rotten, stilted subject they set. I wonder what it is this year?"

"Strang's at the Academy," said Rapper. "He'll tell you."

"Oh, confound the Academy!" said Herbert, crossly.

"Something Biblical, you bet your boots," said Jimmy. "It makes the fellows read the Bible, anyhow. But I must really go and meet my wife."

"I heard it was about Dan—" Greme began.

"Here, shut up, Greme!" interrupted Herbert. "Isn't it time to sing songs?"

"It's time to drop shop," said Cornpepper, sharply. "I've been trying to get the talk off art for the last half-hour. I want to discuss whiskey, woman, and song. What's the difference who wins the Gold Medal, or even the Prix de Rome? That's the last one ever hears of them."

"Oh no," said Rapper. "All the professors at the Beaux-Arts took the Prix de Rome."

"Did the big men?" inquired Cornpepper, scathingly, as he glared through his monocle at his contradictor. "Did the biggest of all, Puvis de Chavannes? Now you fellows define style, but it never occurs to you that it is simply the perfect handling of your medium, whatever it be. What makes the frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes so great? Merely that the gray cool color scheme just suits the stone of the Pantheon. The frescoes of Laurens would be finer in oil. They make the building look smaller. Those of Chavannes ennoble it, give the sense of space and atmosphere. In Watts's allegories there's no atmosphere. Frith's pictures are bad because they are in the wrong medium. To preserve a chronicle of the time is the function of black and white. Only by—"

"I really must go," said Jimmy, starting up again. "As a black and white man I preserve a chronicle of the time, and it tells me it's a quarter past ten, and I have got to meet my wife at the Monico at ten."

"Oh, rot! There's lots of time." And a dozen hands pushed Jimmy into his seat, and Carrie brought him more whiskey.

"I never could see how you square that with your principles, Teddy," argued Curtis, with a thoughtful wrinkle of his elderly face. "Every painter's got to do his own time. Posterity won't want your misconception of the Greek gods. It 'll want your 'bus-drivers and ballet girls. That's the artist's duty to posterity. And his duty to his contemporaries is to find the poetry and beauty around 'em, and teach 'em to see it. That's why Cornpepper's 'Chimney on Fire in Fitzroy Street' is the picture of the year."

"Oh yes!" Matt burst forth, in the idiom of Grainger's. "It's jolly stunning!"

Cornpepper made a move of disgust. "Are we never going to get away from shop?" he asked, desperately. "What has my chimney to do with the chronicles of the time? You chaps have always misunderstood me. You all go by what O'Brien writes of me in the *Squealer*. I do wish he wouldn't interpret me. I wish he'd leave me alone. It's bad enough to have the papers writing about one's sayings and doings, it's bad enough to be afraid of your own friends, when, like Levison and Wilfred Smith, they happen to be journalists, but to be interpreted in leading articles by O'Brien is the crowning blow. What right has he to meddle with art? Why doesn't he stick to his last? If I painted that chimney—"

"Instead of sweeping it," murmured Jimmy. "Do let me go and meet my wife."

"—it was because I saw an opportunity for style," went on little Cornpepper, fixing Jimmy with his basilisk glare. "I don't care a twopenny dam about posterity or my contemporaries. I paint as I do everything else—to please myself."

"We know you don't please anybody else," retorted Jimmy. "I *must* be off."

"Well, black and white is going to be the art of the future, anyhow," said Curtis. "Art is dead in England. Nobody disputes that. It will revive through black and white—the art of the people."

"Black and white is not the art of the future, but the future of art," said Herbert. "Nothing else pays."

"It's surer than anything else," admitted Greme.

Matt pricked up his ears; Herbert had not yet repaid him twenty-five pounds borrowed for a day or two, and in any case he felt he must soon be earning money. In the stagnation of the picture market, of which he heard on every side, and on which the talk fell now, it was at once comforting and distressing to hear of another source of income. Black and white had scarcely entered into his thoughts before; he looked upon it as a degraded commercial form of art—a thing manufactured for the moment in obedience to editorial instructions.

"I don't talk about it," said Cornpepper, after ten minutes of general tragic anecdotage about the rush into black and white—a subject concerning which both the journalists seemed fully posted. "I just go on working; I don't care whether I sell or not. The dealers I hate and despise; they have no measure of art but what it 'll fetch. I will have nothing to do with them. The world will come to me sooner or later. You never hear *me* grumbling about the market."

"The more I hear of the troubles of you chaps," said Rapper, "the more surprised I am that I, with nothing like your talents, should be the one to get the commissions, as if I had any need of the shiners. I'm going to Birmingham again next week to do a municipal duffer in his robes. Even when I studied art in Brussels—"

"The real reason we're coming to black and white," broke in the spectacled Scotchman, "is that we're all born color-blind. The dulness of our surroundings, the long centuries of homes without decorations, with unbeautiful furniture and crockery, have told, and now—"

There was a roar of laughter. "Stow that, Mack," cried Rapper.

"You can't keep Mack off shop," said Cornpepper. "I'm sick of this talk about principles. Art, life, nature, realism, the decorative, the—"

"It's half past ten," groaned Jimmy, trying to shake off the detaining hands of his friends. "Where's Sandstone? Why hasn't he turned up? He goes my way."

"I don't know," said Cornpepper. "He's been quarrelling with the man who publishes his lithographs. What a quarrelsome beggar he is!"

"How can I sup with my wife at the Monico?" persisted Jimmy, plaintively. "The beastly place closes at eleven on Sundays."

"Oh, the English Sunday!" said Herbert. "How can you have art and the English Sunday together? You talk of the art of the people, Curtis. The real national art of England is oratorio—Elijah in evening dress."

"Don't talk to me of the middle classes!" groaned Cornpepper. "They will never be saved till Boccaccio is read aloud in every parlor on Sunday afternoons."

"Don't be an ass, Teddy," said Curtis. "You'll be moral some day."

"I can get my stockings darned without marrying," retorted Cornpepper, with an irritating laugh, and Curtis reddened angrily. He had married a slipshod artistic creature with a soul above shirt buttons, and the thrust rankled.

"My wife's waiting at the Monico," complained Jimmy, in a droll singsong.

"Oh, bother! Carrie's just making the coffee," replied the host.

"I won't have coffee," said Jimmy; "I never mix drinks."

The coffee came round, and with it sandwiches, and broke up the talk into duets and trios. Cornpepper planned a house-boat party for the summer to pick up nautical models and paint the river. Then the proceedings became musical, and remained so till the next morning, their refusal to depart before the advent of which the guests melodiously declared.

As the party was breaking up, Cornpepper cried, "Oh, I was nearly forgetting!"

"What?" said Jimmy. "To offer a prayer?"

"No; to take up a collection," retorted Cornpepper, his eye-glass gleaming with joy of the mot. "Lily's broken her leg."

"*Our* Lile?" asked Greme. "But she doesn't sit now—she's on the stage."

"I know; she's dislocated her ankle, and can't dance."

"She never could dance," observed Herbert. "How ever did she get an engagement?"

"Browney put her into his types of English beauty," replied Cornpepper. "But she's a good girl all the same, and she hasn't got any money. I'll lead off with five bob."

In a few minutes two guineas were collected, Matt giving half a crown, which he could ill spare. As the men left, Cornpepper stood at the door exchanging a confidential word with each. "By Jove! you didn't say a word during the whole discussion, Mossop," he said, as he shook hands with

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1950.

a brown-bearded middle-aged man whose cranium bulged curiously at the side.

Mossop took his pipe out of his mouth and looked meditatively at the stem. "If art could be talked, it wouldn't want to be painted," he said, gravely. "Good-night."

"Good-night, old chap. Good-night, Wilfred. Understand, this evening is private. I don't object to your quoting what I or anybody else said; my opinions are common property; but, damn it, if you mention who were here, you'll never cross my door-step again. You don't mind my frankness? Good-night, old man."

"Good-night, Cornpepper," said Herbert. "I'll let the governor know about those things of yours," he added, in a low tone.

"That's a good fellow. He won't regret taking me up. Mind you mention I'm not unreasonable; I'm open to an offer. I'm awfully glad to have made your acquaintance. Good-night, old chap. Ah, good-night, Levison. Now please do understand that what passes at my gatherings is strictly confidential. If you can earn half a dollar by mentioning who was here—Rocks is rather a lion just now—I'm not the man to stand in your light. But I won't have what one says in private reported, and that's straight. Good-night, old fellow."

Two o'clock boomed from a neighboring steeple. "Good-night, Teddy," said Jimmy, the last man to go. He added, lugubriously, "I've *still* got to meet my wife." Then, as he caught sight of himself in the hall-rack mirror, the gleam in his eye grew droller. "I'm going home in my own hat and coat," he grumbled. "I'm sober."

It was delicious to breathe the balmy night air after the smoky, alcoholic atmosphere of the studio. Rocks walked a little way with Herbert and Matt under the silent stars before they came upon a hansom.

"Are you also an artist?" he asked Matt.

"I hope to be," said Matt, gravely, "but it's awfully confusing to know what's right. They all talk so cleverly, and they all seem to be right."

Rocks emitted a short laugh. "Don't you bother your head with theories, my boy," he said, laying his hand kindly on Matt's shoulder. "You just paint. Every man does what he can, and runs down what he can't. Art is very old; there are no great sensational reforms left like West's discarding the toga for the clothes of the period. The *plein air* school is this century's contribution; after that there can only be permutations and combinations of the old. What is new in the Azure Art Gallery is not good, and what is good is not new."

"*C'est fini!*" said Herbert. "That's what people always say till genius comes along. My belief is, going by literature and music, that painting hasn't said its last word."

"It may come back to its first," admitted Rocks, laughing. "Things go in cycles. But this is shop again, as Cornpepper would say. He's a good little chap at bottom, but he's succeeding too young."

"All the fuss seems to be about technique," put in Matt, musingly. "But technique, whether academical or revolutionary, is only technique. And any technique must be empty without soul."

"Ah, there's the Methodist parson again," said Herbert, laughing heartily. "Hansom!"

"They don't seem as united as the papers make out, anyway," said Matt.

"No; there's no *esprit de corps* among artists," said Rocks. "People always imagine there are schools. But there's only the camaraderie of success and the camaraderie of unsuccess. Good-night."

"Can't we give you a lift?" said Herbert.

"No, thanks; I'm successful," rejoined Rocks, and went off chuckling.

"I wish *I* was," Herbert grumbled to Matt. "Fancy not being able to join that house-boat party, but to be stuck down in town by the Old Gentleman to paint Nebuchadnezzar. I wish I was you, Matt."

Matt was on the point of consoling him by confessing he was on the brink of ruin, but that would have seemed like dunning a friend, to whom he owed so much, for the twenty-five pounds, so he postponed the inevitable explanation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XVII.—TEN WEEKS IN AFRICA.

"JONES," said Robinson, "isn't it somewhat odd that you have never been abroad?"

"But I have been abroad," answered Jones.

"Is that so? Well, then, isn't it odd that you never had any adventures there?"

"I don't know as I can truthfully say that I ever had any adventures anywhere, Robinson. There have been incidents in my life of which I am weak enough to tell my friends, but my adventures have been few or none at all. Our young friend, here, Jackson Peters, is the man who has had adventures. Think of the night the bottom dropped out of his cab, and he ran inside of the vehicle for two miles before he could make the driver hear."

Jackson smiled in a sort of a forced way, intended rather to express inward pain than pleasure, and said, apparently addressing the ceiling:

"I am curious to know if Robinson's unguarded reference to 'abroad' is going to produce a Greenland tale of catching a polar-bear by the hind legs and making him walk about like a wheelbarrow, or bring forth an account of playing seven-up with gorillas in Africa."

"I propose sticking to Africa to-night, Jackson," answered Jones, with the utmost complacency. "I think I've already told you of being hired several years ago by the Philadelphia Rights of Savages Society to go to Africa and investigate the condition of the small and medium-sized dwarfs. The society had heard that they were suffering great indignities from having to cut down and wear the cast-off clothes of the standard-gauge natives. I called a meeting of the savages, assorted sizes, and found that none of them, big or little, had ever heard of clothes, and so reported to the society, much to its relief; though I understand that it has since begun sending to Africa a garment which will pass as a jacket for the big fellows, a Prince Albert for the mediums, and an ulster for the dwarf varieties.

"This trip made me interested in Africa, and I went back to do a little exploring. I soon came to those dense forests which other explorers, more given to rushing into print than I, have told you about. I found it slow travelling in them, since the trees are so close together that the sunlight never penetrates their interwoven tops. But I soon rendered matters all easy-going by making large Indian snow-shoes for myself and men out of light bent wood and thongs of rawhide. Then we all climbed a tree, got up on top of the forest, and found the walking very good after we became accustomed to the snow—or, rather, the tree—shoes. In this way we proceeded rapidly, and passed over several warlike tribes, both mammoth and early dwarf, without their knowing anything about it.

"But I soon became tired of exploring, especially when I began to come upon other explorers, and saw them scurry off, while they shouted for me to go 'way, thinking that I was coming to rescue them. I saw that the business was overdone. I accordingly returned to this country. Here I organized the Jones African Trading Company and the Jones African Lecture Bureau, and again went back to the Dark Continent. As president of the Trading Company I strove to reach both the natives and the explorers by putting on the market for the former a superior nose-ring, warranted to hold as long as the nose staid on, and for the latter several improved varieties of sporting rifles, lecture-manuscript paper, and fountain-pens. I found great difficulty in working up business, owing to the lack of advertising facilities. For a long time I was at a loss what to do. I tried posters on the trees, but the forest was so dark they couldn't be read. Out on the plains there was nothing to attach a poster to. I tried handbills, and hired a small seedling dwarf to stand at the cross-roads and give them to the explorers and rescuers as they chased each other past, but he threw them away and decamped with the money. I was on the point of giving up, when, as I was one day watching a large herd of elephants, a bright idea struck me. 'We'll bill the elephants!' I exclaimed to my men. And we did.

"Elephants, as you know, are very sound sleepers, so I was sure it would not be difficult to bill them in the night. I accordingly went out with my men that night, taking a large roll of posters and a barrel of paste. In two hours we had the entire herd billed without one of them waking up, though when the wet paste-brush slapped up and down

their sides some of them stirred a little, perhaps dreaming that they were in a barber-shop getting shaved. We attached a file-hook full of small bills to the tail of each, so that interested persons could help themselves, and then retired to camp and went to bed.

"The next morning this herd of five hundred elephants scattered about, each bearing a big poster on one side reading: '*Try the Celebrated Jones Nose-Ring. Non-Jerk-Out. Stylish and Comfortable. Agents Wanted.*' And on the other side this: '*For Africa—Jones's Sporting Rifle. For America—Jones's Lecture Bureau. Warranted to fetch the Natives in either case!*' We were much pleased at seeing many interested persons snatch a small bill as the elephants switched their tails and fluttered the bunches in the air.

"I immediately began to bill elephants right and left, and soon an animal without my posters was a novel sight. The attempt to make similar bill-boards out of the hippopotami failed, because they went into the water and soaked off the literature; but with a large stencil and oil-paints we readily placed our advertising with them after all. I found them, too, a valuable medium, reaching readers along the rivers where the elephants did not circulate. In two months I had closed out my entire stock of rifles and nose-rings, and booked three-fourths of the explorers and rescuers for lecture tours. Then I came home and boomed the lectures, advertising in the newspapers rather than on elephants; but, after all, a newspaper doesn't move about like an elephant."

"I think, Jones," said Jackson Peters, "that you deserve our thanks for the remarkable self-restraint you have shown this evening in not hanging lithographs on the zebras and putting sandwich-boards on the giraffes."

"Your uncle would have done those things, Jackson—I mean the uncle you told us about the other evening who projected the Peters Duckling Natatorium, that ingenious and efficient apparatus for teaching young ducks the art of swimming. Your uncle missed a great career when he neglected Africa and stuck to Puddleford Centre, New Hampshire." H. C.

GENERAL RESULTS OF THE LEXOW COMMITTEE'S WORK.

GILBERT is right, and sober-minded men are wrong; the fantastic is true; the earnest and orderly are shams—that is the sum of the revelations made by the Lexow committee's investigation.

What more Gilbertian could there be than the relations of the police with the green-goods men. They bowed courteously and stood aside when a duly authorized green-goods man came by having a "guy" in tow, but for unauthorized green-goods men who attempted to do business without paying the police there was always a good clubbing in store. Surely, also, it was Gilbert to whom we are indebted for that exquisite touch of humor contributed by the police prohibiting their protégés from robbing the clergy.

Those who have come in contact with professional criminals know that when it is possible to get from them a truthful expression of opinion, it is found that they are absolutely assured that the authorities in whose hands their crimes have placed them are all corrupt, and that money will do anything with them. Men, also, who are occasionally brought in contact with the lower politicians must have remarked the same tendency to assume corruption in all officials, and to look upon the accomplishment of any job as a mere question of the amount of money.

The Lexow revelations, so far as they have gone, have shown that the criminals and heelers are right; and honest men, who believed that the government in the main was honest, were foolishly wrong. Tammany, cut down to the roots by the fall of Tweed, has grown again greater and stronger than ever, and is more corrupt, if possible.

The area of officialdom which has so far been examined is comparatively very small. Mr. Goff has not got a quarter of the way through with the police, yet it has been discovered and proved, so that nobody now doubts, that many classes of criminals and violators of city ordinances buy immunity for their crimes and violations by paying blackmail. The violators of the excise law, the proprietors of disorderly and gambling houses, the push-cart peddlers, the wealthy wholesalers, and agents of steamship companies have followed each other on the witness stand in rapid succession, and in spite of much astounding perjury have proved by a mountain of testimony that the police of New York city protect crime and share its proceeds, that the police power as an organized power is vicious and dangerous in the extreme. From the man who collected $5 per year from the sail-makers on South Street for the privilege of hanging out their flag signs, to the man who, as commissioner of police, is seen selling places and promotions on the force for prices ranging from $250 for a patrolman's appointment to $10,000 for a captaincy, there stretches a long line of official blackmailers. Prominent politicians are in that line; the figures of police justices protrude.

The people of the city of New York have just caught a more than usually vivid glimpse of the river of official corruption. They saw how broad and how powerful it is. They know that such a river as that must have a head. One of the most startling things shown was that the blackmailers touched elbows from top to bottom. The extraordinary brutality encountered by citizens going to police stations to complain of patrolmen, the shelving of complaints made at police headquarters, the release of criminals from some of the police justice's courts, the ability of policemen to commit outrage after outrage and escape punishment, their ability also to procure perjured testimony, are all explained by the vast freemasonry of crime, a portion of which has been exposed.

The adjournment of the Lexow committee is a public misfortune of the first magnitude. Nothing was more plainly shown than the fear of the police in which the witnesses gave their testimony. Melancholy ghosts of men who once were great in New York underground life, but who dared to "squeal" when exactions became too heavy, drifted into the room where the committee sat, and men who still enjoy the privilege of committing crime looked at them and shuddered. All the witnesses know that "squealing" is the unpardonable crime, hence the perjury. The power which these men and women who testified to police crimes have exerted against them is as merciless as it is all-prevalent. The officials have plenty of time to make a number of examples that will deter others from imitating the "squealers"; also to get men and women who know too much away from the city.

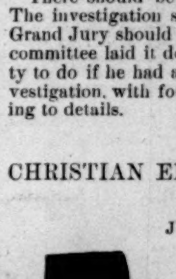
Undoubtedly Mr. Goff could not carry the examination any further at present, he was worn out toiling night and day, but he should not have tried to do, alone, work that would tax the abilities of any six of New York's ablest men. In the recent McKane trial in King's County there were four lawyers for the prosecution, and they were all busy men. General Benjamin F. Tracy's cross-examination of the Gravesend chieftain was a masterpiece; the cross-examiner had his subject down to a needle-point; but he could not possibly have done such work if he had all the other details of the trial on his shoulders.

The present hopeful aspect of the reform movement is due to a singularly favorable combination of circumstances which may not occur again for many years. Parkhurst's determined fight against the dives closed many and made the inmates independent of the police, so that they could afford to tell the truth. The fact that the committee found a vast amount of evidence all ready to their hands in the possession of the Parkhurst society was another very favorable circumstance; and still another, perhaps the most important of all, was the widespread discontent among Democrats, which renders it highly probable that Tammany will go down at the polls this fall, and that his serfs can snap their fingers in his face.

There should be no trifling with such an opportunity. The investigation should have gone on to its end, and the Grand Jury should have taken up the work as soon as the committee laid it down. Mr. Goff would have found plenty to do if he had assumed the general direction of the investigation, with four or five able associate counsel attending to details. SYDNEY REID.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT CLEVELAND.

JULY 11TH TO 15TH.



SOUVENIR BADGE.

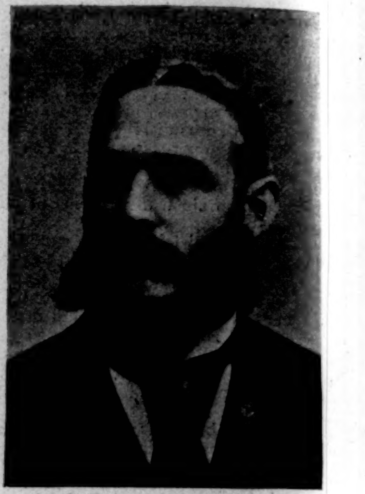
Two years ago a Christian Endeavor Convention captured New York city and held it for five days. Madison Square Garden saw its largest crowd, and yet thousands were turned away to surrounding squares and churches. Never a healthier, happier crowd of young people crowded our streets, and left so good an impression upon the community. Christian Endeavor captured New York with "The Great Convention," as it is still called in the annals of the society. At the New York gathering the watch-word of the Ohio delegation was "Cleveland, '94," which to the uninitiated seemed to be a political war-cry out of date. That hope of Ohio's delegates finds its realization in the convention of this year.

The New York convention settled the position of Christian Endeavor in the front rank of the new religious forces of the day. Like all great Christian organizations, the society had an apparently insignificant origin, but a clearly defined aim. It was born in a pastor's study in the city of Portland, Maine, on February 2, 1881. Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., now popularly known as "Father Endeavor" Clark, was its founder, and a group of boys and girls of the Willis-

WILLIAM J. TUCKER, D.D.,
President Dartmouth College.

MRS. G. R. ALDEN ("PANSY").
Washington.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD,
Evanston, Illinois.



THE REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.,
Boston, President and Founder.

ton Congregational Church, of which he was the pastor, were its first members. With no thought of future renown, this little band adopted the constitution framed by its leader, with the unique features that have made Christian Endeavor a mighty force in Christian life and work. The aim of the first society and of all its successors is expressed in the motto, "For Christ and the Church." The nurture and training of young people of both sexes for Christian work in the local church has been the genius of the movement throughout its history. Its subsequent growth and the influence of mammoth conventions have never yet disturbed this simple idea at the heart of the society. The growth of the society from the beginning was inter-denominational. The society has been called "the common denominator of the denominations," and it surely has done much to secure Christian union. No movement has more nearly succeeded in solving the problem of uniting the churches in Christian spirit and work than this Society of Christian Endeavor with its two principles—loyalty to our own church and love to all other churches. The frequent gatherings of the society in town, city, county, State, and national conventions have brought Christians of every name together on a common ground.

Members may be of either sex, and are classed as Active, Associate, and Affiliated or Honorary. The Active members are those who believe themselves to be Christians. The Associate members are those of worthy character who are not as yet willing to be considered as decided Christians. The Affiliated or Honorary members are the well-wishers of the movement that have passed the days of youth, or are deprived of active participation in the society. The societies are of two kinds, Senior and Junior. The Senior societies are by far the larger in numbers, but the Juniors are making rapid growth.

The unique features of the society that have contributed to its marvellous growth are the Pledge, the committees, and the Consecration Meeting.

The Pledge is the backbone of the organization. It is not cast iron, as it has been called, but it is full of strong good sense. Every attempt to construct a Christian Endeavor society without it has proved a failure, thereby showing it to be vital to its existence. The strongest opposition to the society in its early history centred against the Pledge. But the years have proved its value.

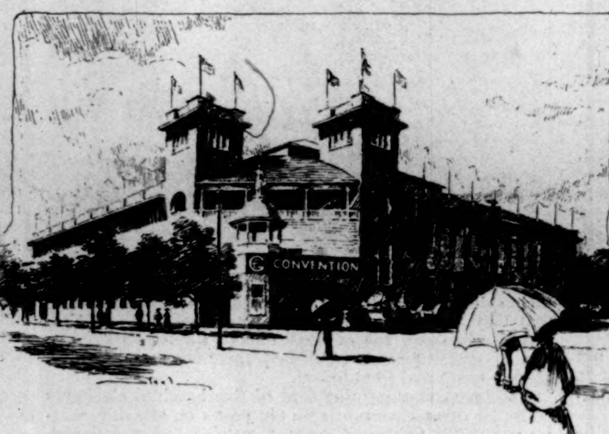
THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLEDGE.

"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting of the society, I will, if possible, send at least a verse of Scripture to be read in response to my name at the roll-call."

The society carries on its work through the committees. The principal ones are the Lookout, the Prayer-Meeting, and the Social. The name indicates the work of these committees. To these original three there have been added several others, covering the needs of the local church and community. Temperance, Good Literature, Visitation of the Sick, Missionary, Flower and Relief, Music, Good Citizenship, are names of other committees. The society is flexible, and for every new work to be done a new committee may be formed. In many cases the committees cover the membership, and so every member is intrusted with responsibility.

The Consecration Meeting is the heart of the society. It is held monthly, and the pastor of the church is usually the leader. The roll is called, and every member is expected to respond. As in an army, the roll-call reveals the "dead" or "the missing," and the Lookout Committee is an ambulance corps to bring them in.

Christian Endeavor has had a marvellous growth in its



EXTERIOR OF CONVENTION HALL, CLEVELAND.

fourteen years. It has passed the "big boy" period, and is far on the way to matured manhood. Its progress is indicated in the following statistics:

MEMBERSHIP OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR:

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881	1	48
In 1882	7	481
In 1883	56	2,870
In 1884	156	8,905
In 1885	253	10,964
In 1886	850	50,000
In 1887	2,314	140,000
In 1888	4,879	310,000
In 1889	7,672	485,000
In 1890	11,013	660,000
In 1891	16,274	1,008,980
In 1892	21,080	1,370,200
In 1893	26.284	1,577,040
In 1894 (on record January 1)	28,741	1,724,460

To this may be justly added kindred denominational organizations of young people that have sprung from the Christian Endeavor idea. The most notable of these is the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal churches, with nearly a million members.

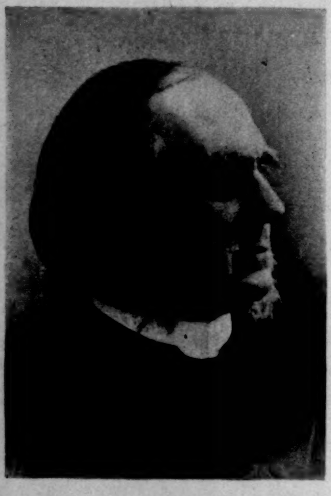
The Christian Endeavor movement has reached most of the Protestant churches. Twenty-five denominational conferences have been arranged for at Cleveland. The pastor's study has widened, and the world is welcoming the Christian Endeavor Society. President Clark, in a recent tour of the world, found a Christian Endeavor welcome and a Mizpah benediction in every land.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor is the official name of the corporation that looks after the general interests of the society. Its headquarters are at Boston. The trustees represent all denominations, and include men of national reputation. Dr. F. E. Clark is their President; John Willis Baer is a wide-awake General Secretary, and William Shaw is Treasurer. The official organ of the society is the *Golden Rule*, a bright and breezy weekly.

The forth-coming convention at Cleveland on July 11th to 15th will be the thirteenth of its kind. The favored places that have entertained the Christian Endeavor host are Portland and Old Orchard (Maine), Saratoga Springs, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, New York, Montreal. San Francisco will probably entertain in 1895. The Cleveland Convention Committee has been making arrangements ever since it was decided two years ago that "Cleveland, '94," had won the day. Accommodation has been provided for visitors, who will number, at a reasonable estimate, 30,000. One glory of Christian Endeavor is that it always pays its own way, and if Cleveland furnishes the bed and board, loyal Endeavorers will pay the bill. The convention will open on Wednesday evening with simultaneous meetings in fifteen of Cleveland's largest churches, there being no single building in the city large enough to hold the crowds. The central places of the convention will be Sängerfest Hall, already dubbed "Convention Hall," with a seating capacity of 10,000; 10,000 more will be accommodated in "The Tent"; large churches in the neighborhood will receive the overflow, and Music Hall is kept as a reserve. These buildings will be decorated with white and gold (Cleveland's "colors"), the stars and stripes, and the union-jack.

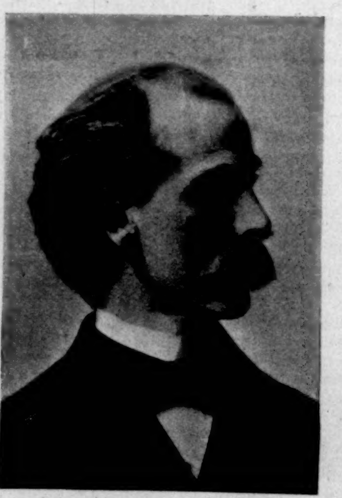
The programme is extensive in range both of topics and of speakers, yet intensive in its bearing upon the definite work of the society. The key-notes of the Montreal convention last year were "Good Citizenship," "Systematic and Proportionate Giving to Missions," and "Inter-denominational Fellowship." A year of work upon these lines will be reported, and already the Cleveland gathering has been named "The Workers' Convention." Among the interesting features of the convention will be the display of a banner inscribed with the name of every society that has contributed ten dollars to the missionary work of the denomination to which it belongs. Diplomas will also be given for successful work along the other lines.

I. W GOWEN.

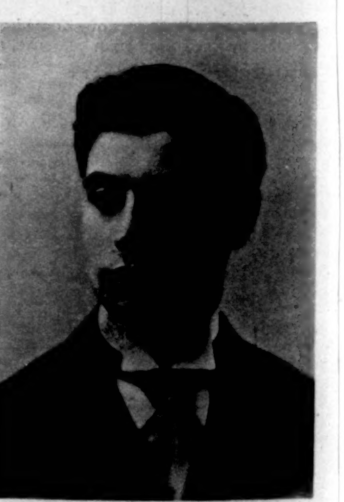


THE REV. SMITH BAKER, D.D.,
East Boston.

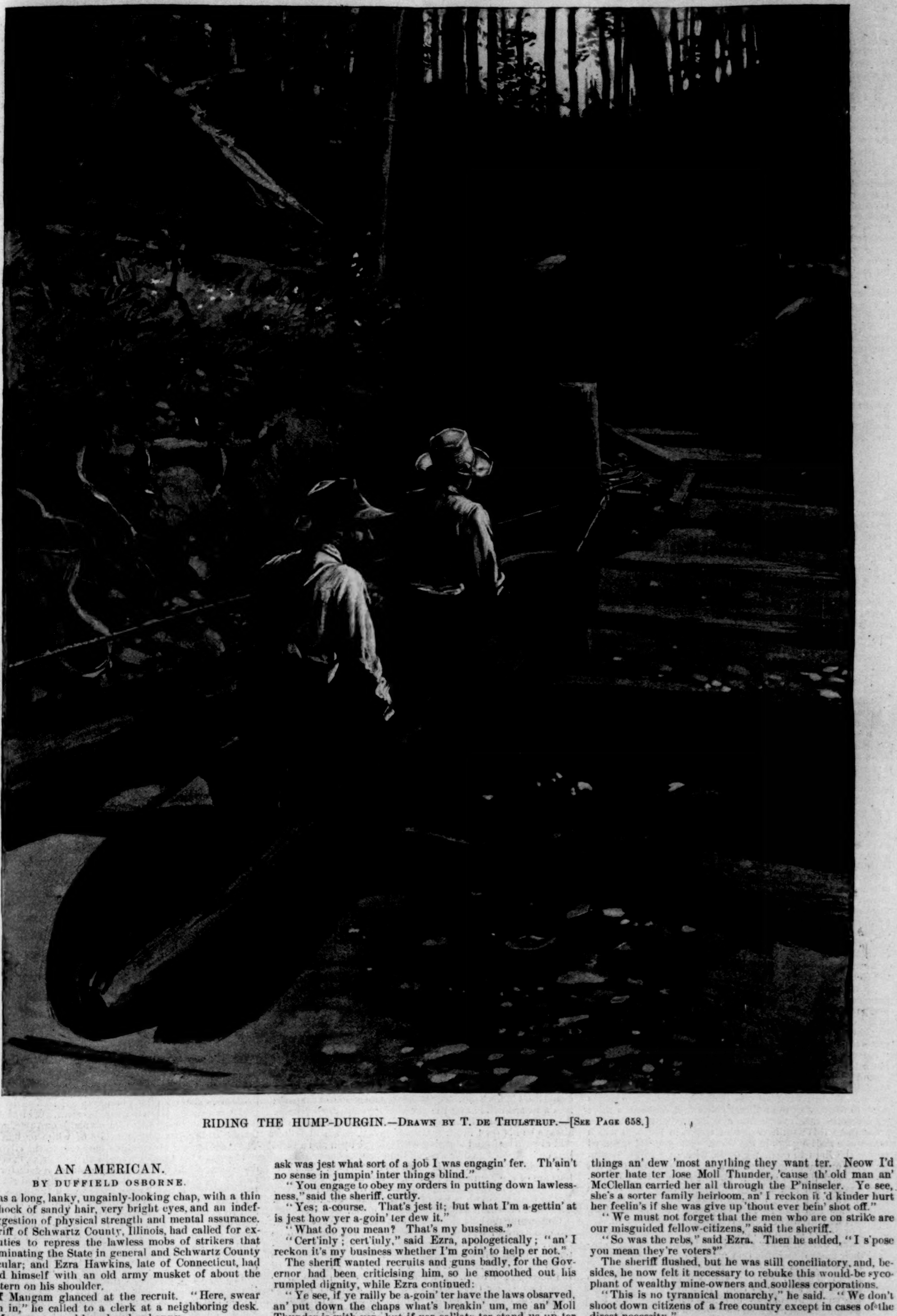
THE REV. GILBERT REID,
China.



THE REV. JOHN HENRY BURROWS, D.D.,
Chicago.



JOHN WILLIS BAER,
Boston, General Secretary.



RIDING THE HUMP-DURGIN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 658.]

AN AMERICAN.

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

HE was a long, lanky, ungainly-looking chap, with a thin face, a shock of sandy hair, very bright eyes, and an indefinite suggestion of physical strength and mental assurance. The sheriff of Schwartz County, Illinois, had called for extra deputies to repress the lawless mobs of strikers that were dominating the State in general and Schwartz County in particular; and Ezra Hawkins, late of Connecticut, had presented himself with an old army musket of about the 1860 pattern on his shoulder.

Sheriff Mangam glanced at the recruit. "Here, swear this man in," he called to a clerk at a neighboring desk. Sheriff Mangam seemed bored and unhappy.

"Hold on a minute, there," drawled Ezra. "I s'pose ther' ain't no objections to a little confab 'fore enlistin', is there?"

The sheriff looked even more annoyed. "Well?" he said. "I thought you wanted to be sworn in? We need men and arms."

"Mebbe I do, an' mebbe I don't. What I was a-goin' to ask was jest what sort of a job I was engagin' fer. Th'ain't no sense in jumpin' inter things blind."

"You engage to obey my orders in putting down lawlessness," said the sheriff, curtly.

"Yes; a-course. That's jest it; but what I'm a-gettin' at is jest how yer a-goin' ter dew it."

"What do you mean? That's my business."

"Cert'inly; cert'inly," said Ezra, apologetically; "an' I reckon it's my business whether I'm goin' to help er not."

The sheriff wanted recruits and guns badly, for the Governor had been criticising him, so he smoothed out his rumpled dignity, while Ezra continued:

"Ye see, if ye railly be a-goin' ter have the laws obsarved, an' put down the chaps what's breakin' um, me an' Moll Thunder is with yer; but if yer cal'late ter stand us up ter be a-stoned an' shot at an' slugged while you're a-readin' of the riot act an' callin' on the law-abidin' citizens what's stonin' us to disperse, I guess I don't hanker after the job."

The sheriff looked aghast, but Ezra went right on:

"I've bin a-readin' 'bout these strikes, an' it kinder seems ter me 'sif the sheriffs an' milishy was a tarnal sight too tender o' them fellers, an' let um take away ther guns an' things an' dew 'most anything they want ter. Neow I'd sorter hate ter lose Moll Thunder, 'cause th' old man an' McClellan carried her all through the P'ninseler. Ye see, she's a sorter family heirloom, an' I reckon it 'd kinder hurt her feelin's if she was give up 'thout ever bein' shot off."

"We must not forget that the men who are on strike are our misguided fellow-citizens," said the sheriff.

"So was the rebs," said Ezra. Then he added, "I s'pose you mean they're voters?"

The sheriff flushed, but he was still conciliatory, and, besides, he now felt it necessary to rebuke this would-be sycophant of wealthy mine-owners and soulless corporations.

"This is no tyrannical monarchy," he said. "We don't shoot down citizens of a free country except in cases of the direst necessity."

"I *used* ter think it was a free country," said Ezra, reflectively; "but when I'm a-hearin' all the time of mobs a-blockin' railroads, an' burnin' an' blowin' up property, an' beatin' an' killin' men jest 'cause they wants ter or has ter work fer a livin', I'm not so dawgawned sure whether it's free or not—'ceptin' for these yere labor agitaters an' other furriners. As fer not shootin' till it's necessary, mebbe you'll

be so good as ter tell me what you call necessary. Strikes me it's bin perty darn necessary fer 'bout two weeks back, if we're a-goin' ter have any free country left."

The sheriff felt somehow that he wasn't giving quite so much reproof as he was getting.

"Perhaps you don't know," he said, stiffly, "that I called on the Governor for troops a week ago, and he replied that I must first exhaust my own power."

Ezra leaned forward, and his eyes shone as he drawled:

"I was jest a-thinkin' that there's where the trouble is. Your an' the Guvner's powers was both perty much exhausted ter start with by fear of losin' votes next 'lection, an' ye're each bin tryin' ter shove yer dooty on th'other. Neow, look a-here. What I'm a-comin' tew is 'fyou want a man ter stand raound an' pertend presarve law 'n' order 'thout doin' nuthin' or hurtin' law-breakers, I guess yer don't want me, 'cause 'f I'm by when the free citizens is busy blowin' up mines an' poundin' honest workin'-men ter death, it's mor'n likely Moll Thunder 'll go off an' blow the hull head off some peaceable, law-abidin' spectater in the front rank er the mob."

"You'd get me and yourself indicted for murder!" exclaimed the horrified sheriff.

"I guess likely," said Ezra, calmly. "That's what happens when ther's a district 'terney raound who wants ter run fer jedge—an' most of um dew."

"I haven't got time to talk to you," said the sheriff, at last losing patience, even though he lost a vote with it. "I'm going to run my business, and you can either swear in or get out."

With flushed face he proceeded to busy himself rather ostentatiously about other matters. Ezra stood near the door and thought hard. At last he shouldered the old gun.

"I guess I'll go up an' get a job in the mine," he said. "I s'pose a 'Merican can defend himself 'f a tarnal furriner tries ter kill him fer workin', can't he?"

The sheriff vouchsafed no answer, and Ezra Hawkins went swinging up the dusty road with the "P'ninseler musket" over his shoulder. There was a look on his face that made the Polish and Hungarian pickets lower their clubs and let him pass on toward the beleaguered property.

THE MILITARY STYLE.

BY LIEUTENANT ALVIN H. SYDENHAM, U.S.A.

STYLE—not a writing instrument, or a mode of verbal expression, or a distinctive kind of graphic execution, or the prevailing fashion, but that manner of pose and action, external appearance, and physical and mental procedure by which you may distinguish between a professional soldier and a civilian.

There are real soldiers and play soldiers; soldiers for love and soldiers for money; soldiers for pastime and soldiers for blood; soldiers whose souls are bound up in the betterment of their profession, and soldiers who adhere to it as a means of livelihood, like leeches to healthy horse. But the soldier I am writing of here is the one who follows the profession of arms for the pure love of the business—the man of hard muscle, iron nerve, and endless daring—who glides among his fellows like a comet among the stars, in whose ways may be found a certain *style*.

He is to the honest manhood of civil life what the crown-jewel is to the native nugget—not a natural growth, but the polished production of art. He is, moreover, so rare that a specimen is not forth-coming. He must be compiled piece-meal, finding a characteristic here and an attribute there. He is scattered as widely as the physical manifestations of the Hindoo Brahma, so that we can comprehend him only by an attentive, all-embracing observation which idlers have no inclination to indulge in.

I once saw a new-made general reviewing that tough little battalion of cadets at West Point. He stood before them all alone, in the perfection of equipment as a brigadier-general, his lately purchased *chapeau bras* shining with velvet nap and fresh gold trimmings, his recently woven buff sash wound thrice about his waist, his figure erect, knees straight and close together, face firm, and arms hanging close to the body. That was the only time I have seen a brigadier in uniform who looked every inch a soldier.

The review was only fairly begun, when heavy drops of rain began to fall, and in a few minutes the drill plain was dissolved in the splash and drizzle of an April shower. The visitors under the trees hurried back to the hotel, or took shelter under the porches of adjacent houses. The staff-officers drew their gloved hands up into their coat sleeves, and pressed their beefy necks against their collars to keep the deluge from running down their backs.

During the preliminary drops the Adjutant approached the General with the compliments of the Commandant.

"Sir," said he, with a reverential salute, "owing to the inclemency of the weather, would it not be desirable to postpone the ceremonies and march the battalion back to barracks?"

"No, sir!" replied this iron General, without moving more than was necessary to make a quick, irritated salute. "Let the review proceed. Money will buy new clothes, but soldiers, never."

And the review proceeded with a success which proved that those young soldier buds in gray were not soluble in water. Not a movement was omitted, and the rain which went to the root of the military spirit that day sent a more vigorous life than ever before into its martial growth.

Compare this with a review of troops in the field which took place not long ago in the West. The general appeared before the lines in civilian's dress, without a single distinguishing ornament, mounted on a sorry plug housed with a trooper's blanket and saddle. One of the aides wore a civilian's straw hat and a dirty fatigue uniform; the other a pair of white corduroy trousers tucked into a pair of monstrous Napoleon boots. This engaging trio hunted along the line like a group of Tonto trackers after a lost trail.

Then the rain began to fall.

Without waiting to say good-by, without stopping to excuse their hasty departure, they careered back to their tents, leaving those ranks of infantrymen covered with dust and cold water and glory. Let us devoutly hope that all Western reviews are not similar to this. Imagine the indignation of those sunburnt soldiers in ranks when they saw how lightly their general regarded the ceremony of review, which is the only one in which the commanded may look upon the commander in flesh and blood!

On one other occasion I saw a battalion deserted by its officers at the first sprinkle of rain. There was a sharp order of "Fours left, double time, march!" and the officers hurried away to get under cover, leaving the men scudding like sheep for their barracks. The shower was soon over, but not so the effect of that childish example set before the men. In these days medals and certificates of honor are issued for the simple performance of duty. Who is there to show us that soldiers are made neither of sugar nor salt?

General Sherman, the Father of the Army, a few years before his death, accompanied the Secretary of War on a tour of inspection of the Western military stations. At one important and heavily garrisoned post they were about to leave the house of the commanding officer to attend a review, when clouds were seen gathering, and an impending shower threatened.

The Secretary drew an umbrella from the rack, and was starting with it under his arm.

"Mr. Secretary," said the General, "if you will pardon me, I prefer that you do not carry an umbrella during the ceremonies."

"But, General, it is about to rain."

"That makes no difference, sir. Umbrellas have never been permitted among soldiers. They are effeminate and unmilitary. I prefer to have no such example set by the head of the army."

But the style of a soldier consists mainly in the outward manifestation of his inner qualities. Let us consider his make-up.

From the dim mists of antiquity history shows that soldiers have hated beards. They savor of carelessness, weakness, sensuality, uxoriousness, laxness of thought and habit. Therefore it is found that the greatest soldiers, including Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington, have not worn beards. Read and look around you, and you will find that this is true. Some nations have gone so far as to prohibit by law the wearing of beards by military and naval officers. The trimmed mustache, the smoothly shaven face and closely cropped hair, have always been marks of soldiers. When a chin beard is admitted it is always a closely cut goatee. The changing social customs of different ages do not appear to have affected this peculiarity of soldiers. When long beards and hair are seen it will usually be found that absence of barbers and a long campaign had something to do with it.

Cleanliness is the highest principle of the true soldier's creed, and trimming hair and beards is only one manifestation of it. The better the soldier, the cleaner, the more scrupulous in habit, manner, and dress. Only by cleanliness can be preserved the hardened steel of military methods and purposes.

Style in dress with soldiers does not change with every climate and season of the year, as with civilians. The cut is determined by military needs, the color by national tradition and the necessity for distinguishing masses on the battle-field. Cut and color once determined, they run along for decades, and even centuries, without material alteration. So that manifestations of taste and elegance in the uniform of individuals must be found in quality of clothes, in fit, and in adherence to custom and regulation.

The blouse, jacket, and dress-coat must allow the chest free expansion, must hold the shoulders flat and square, and must compress the waist. A skilful tailor, by cutting the coat properly, using non-shrinking cloth and sewing with non-breakable thread, can make a garment that will hold a natural slouch together at least as long as he is in uniform. If a man is not straight, his military tailor, if possessed of sufficient independence and confidence, can make him straight. An athletic man will possess a waist which measures less in circumference than his hips or his shoulders, and all soldiers are supposed to be athletic men; therefore, his waist, to the eye of most people, will appear contracted.

A soldier needs his own area of cross-section to make an about face in. A slender, trim-built man will face about while you snap your fingers; a fat office-chair veteran, rendered corpulent by the evil effects of eating and drinking, must turn like a hay-wagon or fall all over himself. The tailor, then, in trying to make a soldier out of a man who is not a soldier, must cinch his girth in order to make him appear athletic. If the cloth will not hold, he must insert a belt of leather in the lining and fasten it with hooks. At any cost, the waist must be brought within reasonable confines; otherwise the wearer will never be able to pass for a soldier. He may say he is, he may give mighty orders, he may move about like a tornado hunting for a barn full of live-stock, but he will never deceive his audience. A soldier must be an athlete; the business requires it; and any other sort of man will be only a pretension at best. There are fat athletes, but they are mostly all Japanese wrestlers.*

There is a happy medium in the length of either blouse or frock-coat, to pass which in either direction produces the effect of a tailless bantam on the one hand, and a theological student on the other. The lines of a coat must curve, for there is no beauty in angles. There must be smoothness; no wrinkles and drawn seams, no twisted braids and missed stitches, no caught-in-the-rain effects. Artists who create Apollos and other extinct gods delight people with the curves of the human figure. Military tailors, whose opportunities for developing the beauties of full chests and slender waists are unlimited, should throw no dark shadows over the pleasure which abides in looking at soldiers.

In wearing a belt over a military coat there is no medium. The belt must look tight, or it will suggest a barrel-hoop thrown over a gate-post. Loose belts mean loose habits, loose ideas, loose methods. They afford a much better explanation of a man's character than the bumps on his head or the lines in his hand. The belt is not an article of drapery; it is a means of holding the muscles together for business. A lax, flabby man will always be caught napping, and it will always be his own fault. A tense, gritty, watchful fellow will always be found sleeping with one eye open and a tight belt on. A good soldier wears a tight belt.

The cloth of dress-coats is imported broadcloth. The buttons are of the regulation pattern, gold-plated. The shoulder-knots are of the best imported gold wire rolled on silver. For blouses the cloth is heavy beaver, braided at the edges. The color of both is dark blue, almost black.

Concerning the new blouse it is impossible to say anything. No one knows its proper shape or how it is intended to be made. No two ever made appeared to be of the same pattern. Rip off a few braids, and it is a poor imitation of the naval garment. Make it of red and it is the full dress of the beer-garden band. I wish the tailors well enough to hope that either there will be a more soldierly garment evolved, or that there will be a return to the old pattern.

Trousers are made of doeskin, and should be cut to fit the figure as closely as possible without discomfort, and showing neither wrinkle nor straight line. For tailors who make them with baggy knees there is a region of refined torture reserved hereafter. Even legs that instinctively run and hide at the mention of surf-bathing can be given grace and shapeliness by an artistic military tailor. But when such are found, their value advances until they amass fortunes like mine-operators. They disappear, and are never heard of building summer cottages in the Alps.

Concerning stripes, it is well known that an inch and half on a medium-sized man will appear to be two inches on a small man and one inch on a tall man. Therefore uniformity demands variation in the width of stripes. The regulation inch and a half is wide enough for a short man but to preserve the same effect a tall man must wear his two inches wide. The welt is three-sixteenths of an inch. This may not be exactly regulation, but it is the practice of the best-dressed men, and this constitutes the style. I have never seen an inspector going around with a tape-measure.

The best riding-breeches are made of Bedford cord, without a re-enforce. They button around the leg closely, and conform to the shape of the leg as far as the swell of the thigh. From this point to the waist they are more capacious, increasing in amplitude enough to permit the free movement of the body, without attaining that prodigality of material sometimes seen in English hunting-breeches. There should be no pockets except the watch-pocket. At the back of the calf, under the knee, must be a hook or other fastening to support the boot-top. When breeches become old and threadbare, a re-enforce may be sewed over the seat and down the leg. It will look like a patch on a sloop's mainsail.

Trousers must be made to fit the leg, making allowance for every curvature. There is therefore a graceful swell over the calf and a contraction at the knee, which prevents bagging. The bottom settles gracefully over the shoe-top, and falls to the tip of the boot heel in rear. Be suspicious of a tailor who measures the leg only at the hips, heel, and knee. It is fallacy to believe that he can make a decent pair of trousers. Military trousers are not bags, like those worn by our fashionable friends upon the Mall.

There is not greater variety among styles and shades of neckties than in the boots worn by American officers. Every individual has his made by a different man, in a different way from any other man he knows of, consequently no two pairs look alike. Even the jockey-boys beat this. They wear a boot that is both useful and graceful. Moreover, two jockey-boys, one from New York and one from San Francisco, will dress more nearly alike than two officers of the same regiment or light battery. This is no criticism, but a fact of common observation, no criminality fortunately attaching thereto.

This is because American officers submit to impositions without rebellion. The cavalry officers, who ought to set the style, are usually stationed at some remote post, from which their boots must be ordered by mail. If, when they arrive, they are not satisfactory, there is no recourse. To save trouble they must be worn, bad fit and style to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no firm of boot-makers who care a royal diadem whether they fit an officer or not. If they knew they would get no orders unless they did artistic work, they would find a way of improving very quickly. As it is now, if they make a good boot it is a pure accident, for which they are not even duly grateful.

The idea of our adopted boot is excellent, yet no two boot-makers in carrying it out agree either in shape or quality. The square top must come up as near the knee as bending the leg freely will permit. The soft leather of which the lower portion of the leg is composed must not be wider than just to allow the passage of the foot. The stiff portion must fit the leg as closely as possible without inconveniencing the foot in drawing on; this in order that the water of heavy rains will not pass down the leg. A hook or strap must be provided to hold the top in place, for it will not stay up of itself, whatever the inspired manufacturers who build them assert. Whatever the regulations may say about so many inches here and so many inches there, the design is all that can be adopted if we would wear decent boots. The number of inches depends on the size of the man, just as does his hat measure.

Fanciful spurs look well enough on cowboys, but on officers they are about as tasteful as fanciful bosom-studs. The plain regulation article, well kept clean, is the best form.

The present cap is as delicate a thing to write of as the new blouse. Whatever you say, you are sure to be sorry you said it. A Japanese juggler balances a table on the end of his nose as easily as one can balance a properly made chasseur cap on his head, and unless it is properly made it looks like the wood-shed roof. The crown must be low, the band slightly larger at the top than at the base, curving a little. The ornament must be worked into the cloth, not sewed on like a patch, and small enough not to be mistaken for a sign in front of a gun store. The visor is of stiff thin leather, black enamel above, green below, and not bound on the rim.

Military shoes are always black, always polished, and for dress purposes usually made of patent-leather. They always lace in front, and never button or fasten with that acme of laziness the web elastic. Gaiters are never worn over them; this custom is reserved for swells and play-actors.

Military gloves for all occasions are white. For in-door wear they are of imported lisle-thread, contracted at the wrist by an elastic. For out-doors they are of white wash-leather, fastened with a single button. Lisle-thread gloves may be worn out-of-doors, but wash-leather may not be worn in-doors, except at the photographer's. The lisle-thread glove is usually worn with side-arms. Kid gloves with military dress, being part of a civilian's costume, are in bad form. Riding-gauntlets may be of white or buff leather. The cuffs are wide, extending half-way to the elbow.

The sword is always worn with full dress, except when dancing at social functions; then, out of regard for the fabrics of the ladies' gowns, it is respectfully laid aside. The full-dress belt is never worn except with full-dress uniform. On ordinary occasions of full-dress in-doors, such as balls and receptions, the full-dress helmet is replaced by the fatigue-cap. When the helmet is worn the chin-strap is worn under the lip, resting against the chin, and not under the chin, like the strings of a Quaker bonnet.

A black necktie is *de rigueur*. It is worn concealed, except over the collar-button at the opening of the neck.

The effect of military clothing depends of course upon the bearing and athletic figure of the wearer. The best tailors can make little of a man whose head projects forward slantwise from the middle of his chest, nor can they squeeze a forty-inch waist into anything like athletic dimensions. If a man ducks his head every time he raises his hand to his cap to salute, you will know he is no soldier, no matter what kind of clothes he wears; but an artistic tailor will make him look like one, if he will consent to simply walk around and be quiet.

A soldier lives either in garrison or in campaign. In the field he ought to be stripped of every feature not directly

* If a fat man wants to be a soldier, I would advise him to buy a horse or a pair of walking-shoes and work himself down to the flesh limit.

useful to his duty; in garrison he ought to be made a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Without his peculiar style, a soldier is not much. "The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth." Deprive a soldier of his traditions and his dress and he is a soldier no longer.

Further than from any abomination under heaven withdraw us from the dirty uniform. Shabbiness anywhere else is more easily excusable. An old silk hat with the nap running the wrong way is genteel beside it.

Then there is the man who mixes his dress, and wears a citizen straw hat or a vest with his uniform. His case is hopeless. In citizen life he would come to a ball in a business suit, or wear a four-in-hand with his evening dress.

These unfortunate individuals have enemies in high places, sometimes. A certain general, being in command of an important post, was visited one morning by an easy-going lieutenant, who lounged into the office with a dirty blouse quite unbuttoned, displaying a necktie not properly fastened.

"Mr. Blank," said the general, through the side of his mouth, "this office is not the club. Loafers are not admitted. You may withdraw. If your business is important, you will button your blouse and adjust your tie and seek admission again. That will do, sir!"

AT THE PIKE'S PEAK SUMMIT.

When Captain Zebulon M. Pike, of the little army which the young republic then boasted, while exploring the vast territory acquired by the Louisiana Purchase—which, by-the-way, seems to have been a sort of a pig-in-a-poke affair—discovered, on November 27, 1806, the snow-clad peak that bears his name, he found what in many respects is the most interesting mountain of our country. Since that day, for nearly a century, it has been the objective point for the count-

N. G. MYERS.

less thousands that have swept across the continent to the land of the setting sun. The hardy pioneer, the sides of whose prairie-schooner bore the legend "Pike's Peak or Bust," and the modern millionaire who travels in a palace-car, have alike gazed eagerly at the snowy pinnacle as it rose above the western horizon.

Ever since the fifties, when Pike's Peak and the "Gold Diggings" were synonymous terms, faint bridle-paths have led to the summit. A carriage-road was later constructed, and since 1890 a cog-railroad has wound its sinuous course from Manitou Springs for nine miles upward to reach the top a mile and a half higher. The ascent nowadays, when the road is running, is comparatively quick, easy, and entirely safe. As the train pushes slowly out of Manitou, the cogs of the engine's drivers fitting into the spaces in the middle rail, it is interesting to speculate that this is the type of railroad that in the early days of steam travel it was supposed would be as necessary on a level as on an incline. The cog-road stops running in October, about the time the snow begins to drift heavily, and does not resume operations until the drifts melt, the following May. During this interval a trip to the top of Pike's Peak is a long, difficult, and at times very dangerous journey. It has to be made on foot, however, and at frequent intervals, by the members of the Weather Bureau, and it is with the experiences of these officials that this article treats.

The meteorological station on the summit of Pike's Peak was opened in 1873 by Robert Seyboth, a sergeant in the Signal Corps of the army, and is the highest* *regular* meteorological station in the world. After having been maintained for about ten years, it was abandoned by the government. When the weather service was transferred from the Signal Corps to the Agricultural Department, the new chief of the Weather Bureau, Professor Mark W. Harrington, determined to reopen the station, and maintain it in the most perfect manner possible. To this end choice instruments, complete supplies, and picked men were sent to the station, and in the summer of 1892 the wheels, vanes, and cups of the complicated weather machinery began once more to revolve on the summit of Pike's Peak.

The men on duty at Pike's Peak are the pick of the bureau and its corps of 500 men, and in this selection the following requirements obtain, viz.: they must be volunteers (no man is sent to Pike's Peak unless he wishes to go), unmarried men, young men of the finest physique (no others could stand the hardships of the winter service), and, above all, men of high intelligence. Years ago but one man was kept on the station. This was equivalent to solitary confinement, and is not permitted now. Two men stay at the summit, while a third recuperates at the substation at Colorado Springs. The men have "watches" of about a week each, and this arrangement gives them two watches on the Peak to one on the Springs.

The view from the signal station is superb. For about a hundred and fifty miles in all directions nearly everything seems to be visible. Colorado Springs, twelve miles distant as the crow flies, spread out like a checker-board, lies at your very feet. Not much further away, apparently, are the Cripple Creek gold-fields, each hill-side of which is honeycombed by the shafts and tunnels of the searchers for the precious metal. Pueblo, fifty miles, and Denver, seventy-five miles distant, are plainly visible, especially at night, when their lights gleam brightly, while on a clear December morning the course of the Arkansas can be traced like a ribbon of silver as it winds away mile after mile southeast of Pueblo.

The summit of the Peak is a nearly level stretch of about forty acres, covered with huge slabs of coarse granite, and is crowned by a long low stone building, which from the vanes, gauges, and shelters that surmount and surround it you know to be the United States Weather Bureau station.

The building, as you draw near it, looks strong enough for a fortress. It has to be, for old Boreas makes some desperate attacks on this station, and on a wild winter's night, when the wind is reeling off an even hundred miles per hour, nothing but these huge walls stands between the little band of scientists and destruction. While Mr. Myers, the observer, is back in the kitchen interviewing the cook in your behalf, glance about you in the room, half observatory and half office and living-room in which he has left you. There is the usual writing-desk, stand, and copying-press of an office; an easy-chair, and a few

(*Continued on page 668.*)

* On the Charchani, near Lima, Peru, Harvard has established a station some 2500 feet higher than that on Pike's Peak, but the station is only visited at intervals of ten days, and the records, being automatic, are not to be compared with those at the latter station, which are obtained from eye as well as register readings.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

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of Niagara Falls ever engraved is offered to the public at a price that would be absurdly impossible but that the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," desires its widest circulation. It is forty by sixteen inches in size, engraved by Lowell from an oil painting by Charles Graham, is a superb work of art, and bears no advertising. It will be sent postpaid, to any address, with a set of Stoddard's Our Country and Our Neighbors, in sixteen parts, for $3. Remit by draft, postal note, or P. O. or express money order to Frank J. Bramhall, Advtg. Agent Michigan Central, Chicago.—[*Adv.*]

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in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

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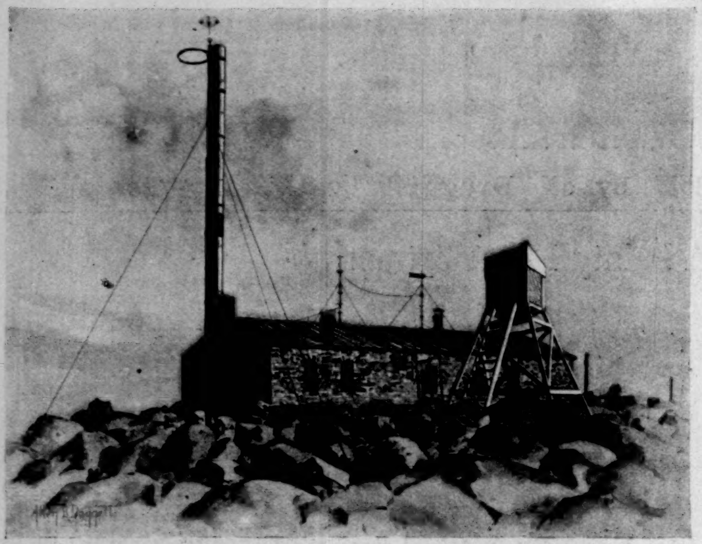
others not so easy; a regulator clock on the wall that shows the lonely officials how slowly time passes, and a checker-board in the corner hints as to the efforts made to while away some of the hours; a set of telegraph instruments shows one means of communication with the world below, and the jingle of a telephone bell in an adjoining room indicates another. Ranged along the walls and on the broad sill of the low window are various meteorological instruments. The barometer up here reads between seventeen and eighteen inches, and you realize that you are nearly in the centre of density of the atmosphere, and begin to understand why you grew so asthmatic as you came up.

"Up here we lead a rather humdrum existence, you know," says Mr. Myers, in response to your question. "Taking our observations and tabulating and reducing the data give us plenty of mental exertion; and as for physical exercise, the climb in winter is sufficient, and the less of either one undergoes the better it is for him."

They cook up on the Peak just the same as they do anywhere, but it takes much longer, as water boils at 187° Fahr. It is rather hard on a Bostonian, however, for it takes two days properly to prepare the classic bean.

Water is obtained by melting snow, of which there is no lack, for it snows here every month in the year. Last year the highest temperature was 49° above zero, while it remained below freezing for 324 days out of the year.

The electrical effects on Pike's Peak are marvellous in the extreme, and it is



UNITED STATES SIGNAL STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK.
Altitude, 14,147 feet.

wonderful that during the many years of its occupation by the various officials of the Signal Corps and Weather Bureau no one has been killed or seriously injured. The telegraph and telephone wires conduct whatever disturbance there may be along the mountain-side directly into the office, and even the stove itself,

OBSERVER'S OFFICE.

harmless as it looks, is liable to shock you at any moment if you touch it, for the pipe forms a first-class conductor. The effects are manifested in the most curious manner, and are liable to occur at any time, though they usually occur when either rain or snow is falling. One man stationed here once heard a peculiar buzzing or hissing sound out on the line. Stepping out into the drifts to better observe the phenomenon, his hair began to rise, and the same buzz began to come from the top of his head; putting up his hands to the buttons on his cap, he felt a sharp pain dart through each temple, and a creepy sensation began to pass over him. There was nothing creepy about the movements he made getting into the house, however. This feeling that you are a human lightning-rod isn't a very agreeable sensation, even if there is nothing dangerous about it. Whenever the disturbances begin the wires are cut out, and it is a great sight to watch the play of the flashes as they jump from the wires to the arresters. Sometimes they are tiny needles of light, and then again they come in pencils apparently several feet long. During severe disturbances this display is so continuous that it is almost equivalent to an electric light.

The specialty at Pike's Peak is wind. At such a breezy ocean station as Nantucket they have about one hundred thousand miles of wind a year, while here it is over twice as much. The wind blows a gale for two-thirds of the time, and on one occasion attained a velocity of one hundred and eighty miles per hour—a velocity that exerts a pressure of 162 pounds to the square foot. It would blow the life out of a human being if he were out in such a gale as that.

"But the wind," says Mr. Myers, as you question him on the subject, "does much to keep us from getting lonesome. The rush and roar seem but natural. It is when the wind falls temporarily that one feels the awful lonesomeness of his situation. The life and excitement of the Springs, which you can so plainly see, is so near and yet so far, and, save an occasional eagle soaring about, there is not a living thing near you. One doesn't stay up here long before asking himself where indeed are the charms of solitude?"

MAX WAGNER.

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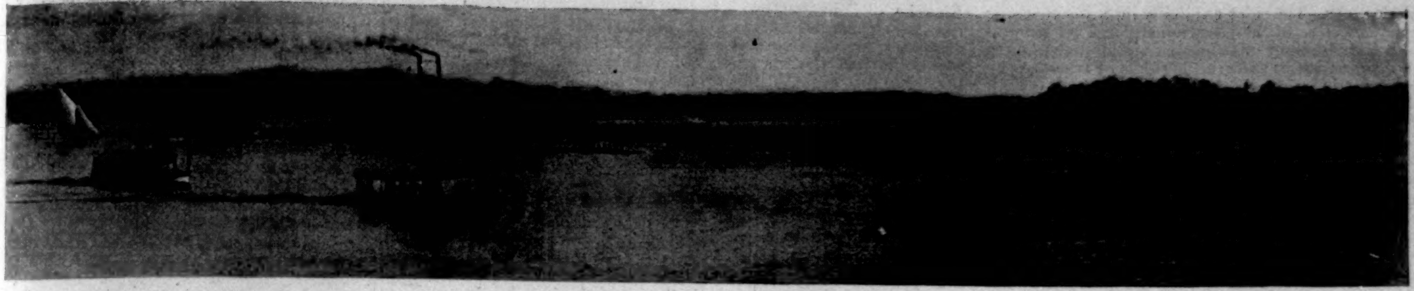
PRACTICAL ROAD-IMPROVEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.—[SEE PAGE 659.]



Photographed by G. A. Zimmerman.

FINISH MINNESOTA-WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OARED RACE ON LAKE MINNETONKA, JUNE 23, '94.

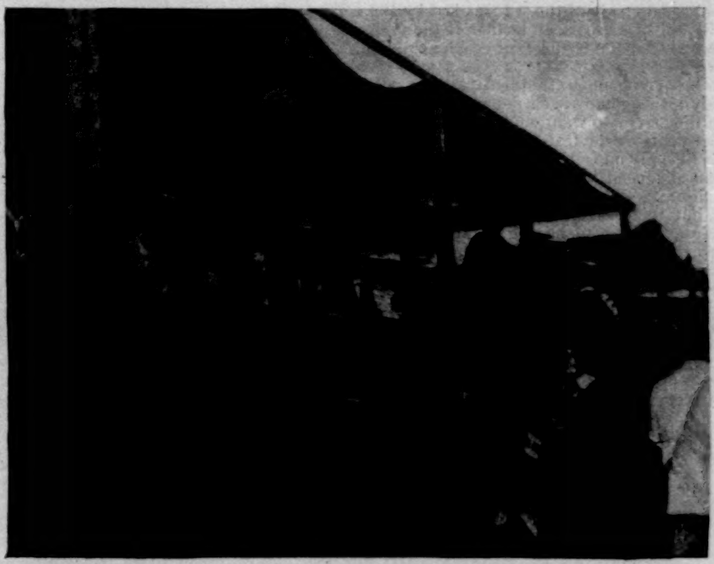
Minnesota winning—Distance, two miles—Time, 10.36 and 10.48.

AMATEUR SPORT

NOW THAT THE COLLEGE YEAR has closed and the excitement subsided which attends the winning and losing of athletic honors, we may calmly review the season's contests for the lessons that should guide us in the future. That there are one or two we cannot afford to ignore must have been patent to whosoever followed the athletic championships and the baseball games. It is undoubtedly true that in our superlative athletic development and our eagerness to win we are losing sight of the sportsmanship that is the very keystone of amateur sport, and should always be in undoubted evidence at all meetings between college teams. If we have reached a point where university undergraduates cannot conduct themselves on the athletic field like sportsmen and gentlemen, then it is high time the alumni and faculty exercised a bit of that authority which is ever and anon alluded to by way of menace. But there is no occasion for such extreme action.

THE AVERAGE COLLEGIAN IS AMENABLE to reason if he is properly approached, and he is quick to follow a good example if only it be set him. Of all our large universities there is not one in which the alumni do not wield a powerful influence—an influence that may be exerted for good or for bad; and there is not a single breach of sportsmanship that may not be corrected if the Graduate Advisory Committees enter upon its amendment with determination. I am not disposed to hold the undergraduate up to criticism nearly so much as the graduate. It is not to be supposed that boys can sustain the excitement of athletic contest free from occasional indiscretions unless they have the influence and example and the maturer judgment to which they are accustomed to appeal on every other emergency encountered during their adolescence. Parents are too apt to excuse their indifference on the plea of not wishing to interfere with the boy's sport, and condone an unsportsmanlike act of the latter as an outcome of superabundant enthusiasm. But it is unconcern that may lead to serious results. The athletic training a boy undergoes becomes a most important factor in the formation of his character, and without the counsel of older and more experienced heads he may develop tendencies that will last a lifetime.

ONLY THE UNTHINKING FATHER will seek refuge from criticism behind the hackneyed saying that the boy "will come out all right in the end." As well might the lad unskilled in natation be pitched into the river and expected to swim to shore; he may reach the bank in safety; such cases are not uncommon—in fact, I learned to swim from being accidentally carried out beyond my depth—or he may receive a shock from which he never recovers, or he may drown. In any event it is neither a wise nor even humane way of educating him. If athletics were the simple recreation of the boyhood days of even those of us that are approaching twoscore years, there would be no such need of supervising the youngsters' play. But they are not. The boy to-day finds his games developed to a degree of skill that was not even dreamed of twenty years ago, and which demand training and judgment and temper oftentimes beyond his natural endowment. That he derives proportionately increased benefit, mentally and physically, those that have given the matter serious thought are well aware; but that his athletic apprenticeship needs the more careful tutoring, for human nature remains the same, even though the times be changed, students of the situation recognize. There are boys, plenty of them fortunately, that have the qualifications which enable them to work out their own salvation, who emerge from the struggle the stronger for it, but a chain is only so strong as its weakest link, and the fatal weakness in the present college athletic system is the assumption that all boys are able to pass through the intense rivalry and excitement incidental to contests unscathed. A boy enters college in a receptive condition; the spirit may be willing, the flesh weak; it takes very little oftentimes to turn him one way or the other, and the lessons he acquires on the athletic field appeal to him more directly, more forcibly, than those of the lecture-room, which he is apt to regard and receive as the perfunctory duty of one paid to admonish him. It is on the play-ground that the boy reveals his true nature; it is there he receives his most cherished and longest-remembered lessons, and where he either does or does not develop the characteristics of a sportsman.



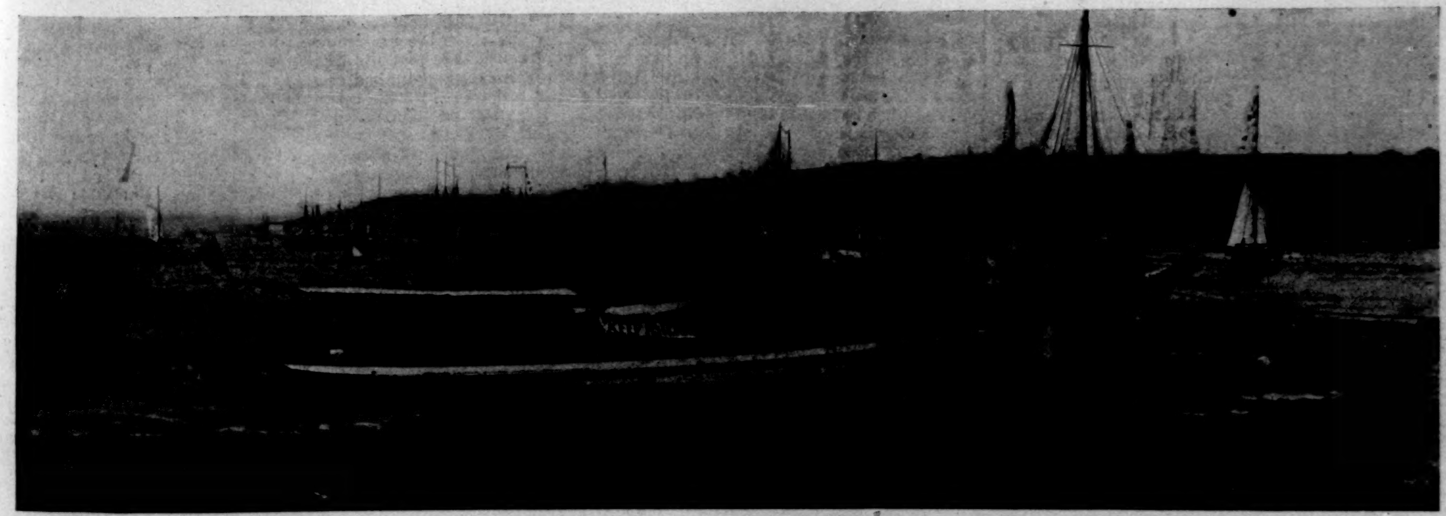
PATIENCE ON AN OBSERVATION CAR.

Waiting for the Train to Start.

ONE WAY OF SEEING THE HARVARD-YALE RACE.

MATTERS THAT APPEAR INSIGNIFICANT in themselves develop unwholesome tendencies, and lead eventually to grievous results. The time for parents and alumni generally to exert their influence for the good is while the remedy is yet simple. There are no two questions that at present stand more in need of mature discussion than those of cheering at baseball games and the prices of admission charged at all college athletic contests. Under proper control, cheering is one of the pleasing and inspiriting features of the game, as contrasted with the ordinary professional contest. Spontaneous applause for good work is desirable and an incentive to the player, while as a spur to the nine at critical points organized cheering is eminently fitting. Under present conditions it is so overdone that it must fail in its object if intended as a stimulant to its friends, while if intended to confuse opponents, as I regret to say is its more frequent mission, it is to be condemned as entirely unworthy of American university gentlemen and sportsmen. When one sees graduates of years standing, men whose position in the community otherwise commands respect, mixed with a crowd of youthful undergraduates, solemnly following, throughout the afternoon's play, a leader in an unintelligible and pointless series of yells, one's first sensation is amusement at a situation so ludicrous; but when you recognize the sole object to be the rattling of the opponents—that, in other words, this hooting crowd is organized to be a factor in their team's winning—then your amusement turns to pity that fathers should set such an example to their sons or lend themselves to the encouragement of so unsportsmanlike a method of winning games.

CLOSELY ALLIED TO THIS REPREHENSIBLE FEATURE of the college baseball season is that other of boisterous coaching, though I am happy to record that the college nines are not near such flagrant offenders as the so-called amateur teams



THE REFEREE, MR. HERMANN OELRICHS, ON THE "HELVETIA," CLEARING THE COURSE.

of the athletic clubs. The rules explicitly limit the coaching to "necessary direction of the base-runner," and yet the university and club baseball managements and the umpires manifest no inclination to enforce the rule and suppress the oftentimes disgusting capers of the coacher, whose directions are frequently about as intelligent as the bellowing of a bull of Bashan. To make noise, and enough of it to confuse the other side, seems to be the chief requisite of the coach, and every means likely to accomplish the desired result is taken advantage of, until at times it is a veritable Bedlam let loose. In no other branch of amateur sport, nor even in good professional baseball, would such an exhibition of rowdyism be tolerated, and there is no excuse for allowing it the free sway it has in club baseball, or for any semblance of it on the college field. When the din is at its height it is impossible for either players or spectators to hear the decisions of the umpire, and in club games I have heard this disgraceful coaching carried so far as to give false directions to an opposing player, getting under a fly, for instance.

The growth of this vicious system is easily traced to the eagerness of the various athletic clubs to place a strong team in the field, irrespective of the personal character or amateur status of the individual players. Clubs permit men to represent them on the diamond whose names would never appear on the membership roll but for their baseball efficiency.

As a result, the larger athletic club teams, generally speaking, are looked at askance, and only here and there, even among the smaller clubs, do we find *bona fide* amateur nines.

It is a great pity that a game capable of yielding so much pleasure to participants and spectators alike should be permitted by the clubs to so degenerate that in about all large cities lovers of pure sport have just about lost all interest in contests, outside of those furnished by the college nines. It will fail of support altogether if the *personnel* of teams is not elevated and the blatant coach abolished.

ON THE TENDENCY TO INCREASE gate receipts this department has commented frequently. Our college teams are already making too much money; the more they make the more they seem to want, and as the treasury swells, so the requirements of the teams continue to grow. Baseball remains the only one now where an admission is charged that has not advanced its tickets for large games to an exorbitant figure. Track athletics were formerly on the same basis, but this year, the money-making spirit gave unmistakable evidences of having crept in:—at the championships held at Berkeley Oval (than which no site is better, with its picturesque surroundings and unquestionably superior track) two dollars was charged for grand-stand seats and twenty-five cents for programmes. Ten cents is an outside figure for the latter (there really should be no charge at all, as the advertising in them more than pays the expense), and one dollar is quite enough for a reserved seat. It is not the cost that we object to, but that unsportsmanlike spirit to make money out of sport, and put our athletic meetings in the category with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Here is a question, applying equally to university athletics generally, on which the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania should assert themselves if they would gain our entire confidence in their proclaimed efforts to keep college sport clean.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER MATTER for the attention of university faculties and *alumni*. For the last three or four years one of the most repellent outgrowths of successful baseball-playing by college men has been the existence of "summer nines" recruited from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Brown, and possibly others. These teams have been maintained at sea-side resorts, and their expenses paid by individuals or organizations interested in booming the town. It may be a very pleasing manner for those not above enjoying it of spending the summer at the seaside, board and lodging free; but it comes so close to professionalism that it should be stamped out once and for always. And yet Harvard and Yale, that plume themselves on their strict observance of the amateur spirit, have not uttered a syllable of protest, while Pennsylvania, that has been loud in protesting its good intentions, is equally silent on this most reprehensible situation. What matters it, so far as the spirit of the amateur law is concerned, whether a man is given cash for his baseball-playing or if his hotel bill is paid for him? He is not playing for his *alma mater*, nor for any athletic honor, nor for sport; he is playing for his board and washing. If it is necessary to earn his expenses during vacation, he would command our respect more by accepting a clerkship in some branch of trade or profession, or, if he has so little of either ambition or ability, by even joining a professional ball team. The only difference now between the "summer nine" player and the professional is that the latter is given cash, and pays his own keep, while the former is not a sufficient drawing card to warrant more than his keep being assured him. Both are managed by private individuals for the latter's aggrandizement, and each performs for the amusement of the general public at so much a head.

PRINCETON IS THE ONLY COLLEGE which has placed itself on record against this farcical business. Its athletic association recently prohibited members of the college from playing with any club team in summer, the penalty for disobedience being ineligibility to any of the Princeton 'varsity teams. A most commendable step it is, and one Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania, all of which are, I understand, to be represented on the Atlantic City and Cape May nines this summer, can do much good by following.

And that again reminds me of yet another question: There is no rule, I believe, that forbids a college baseball man from playing on a professional nine, provided it can be shown he has not received pay, nor from playing on a club nine where an admission fee is charged; consequently unpleasant discussions are frequently arising; as, for instance, last spring, Altman, the Princeton pitcher, barely escaped official protest because he had occupied the box a few games for a professional nine in western Pennsylvania. It was shown as satisfactorily as those matters ever can be that he was not paid, directly or indirectly. But the point is, he did play on a professional nine, and suspicion must invariably be roused by such association.

A college athlete should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. And to help him attain that height the universities must pass a rule declaring ineligible to 'varsity teams whoever has played on a professional nine, or before entering college, with professionals on a club nine, and attaching a similar penalty to players who, while on the university roll, play on any nine other than their own. These rules are easily made, and surely they will work for the good of amateur sport. If the *alumni*, who prompt and carry through these matters, would do less talking and more acting our faith in their good intentions would be greatly strengthened.

COMMENTING ON THE ALL-AMERICA college baseball nine last week, Lowney, the third-base man, was substituted by Blakeley of Pennsylvania, it having been intended to place the Brown man second to Cook of Harvard; Brown was done another injustice where ambiguous language made it appear it had lost its series with Princeton. The following scores, crowded out of last week's issue, and published as matter of record, show each to have won a game of their series.

SCORES OF INTER-UNIVERSITY BASEBALL GAMES.

YALE.

College.	Place.	Won by.	Score.
April 21.—Brown.	New Haven.	Yale.	3-2
May 2.—Amherst.	New Haven.	Yale.	4-0
" 5.—Brown.	Providence.	Yale.	4-2
" 12.—U. of Penn.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	28-18
" 16.—Amherst.	Amherst.	Yale.	7-1
" 19.—Princeton.	New Haven.	Yale.	5-3
" 23.—Staten Island C.C.	......	Yale.	3-1
" 26.—Orange.	Orange, N. J.	Yale.	6-0
" 30.—Brown.	Providence.	Yale.	4-1
June 4.—U. of Penn.	New Haven.	Yale.	13-5
" 9.—Princeton.	Princeton.	Princeton.	4-2
" 16.—Princeton.	Brooklyn.	Yale.	9-5
" 21.—Harvard.	Cambridge.	Yale.	5-1
" 26.—Harvard.	New Haven.	Yale.	2-0

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

College.	Place.	Won by.	Score.
April 25.—Princeton.	Princeton.	Princeton.	4-3
May 5.—Cornell.	Ithaca.	Cornell.	13-10
" 7.—Harvard.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	27-7
" 12.—Yale.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	28-18
" 14.—Brown.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	29-4
" 19.—Orange A. C.	E. Orange	Orange A. C.	11-9
" 26.—Harvard.	Cambridge.	U. of Penn.	11-3
" 28.—Brown.	Providence.	Brown (11 innings).	9-7
" 30.—Cornell.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	6-0
June 2.—Brown.	Providence.	U. of Penn.	7-3
" 4.—Yale.	New Haven.	Yale.	13-5
" 13.—Princeton.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	22-9

PRINCETON.

College.	Place.	Won by.	Score.
April 25.—U. of Penn.	Princeton.	Princeton.	4-3
May 5.—Harvard.	Princeton.	Princeton.	12-5
" 8.—Cornell.	Princeton.	Princeton.	17-7
" 12.—Brown.	Providence.	Brown (5 innings).	6-5
" 19.—Yale.	New Haven.	Yale.	5-3
" 25.—U. of Mich.	Princeton.	Princeton.	21-4
" 30.—Harvard.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	10-4
June 2.—Harvard.	New Haven.	Princeton.	11-4
" 4.—Brown.	Princeton.	Princeton.	4-3
" 9.—Yale.	Princeton.	Princeton.	4-2
" 13.—U. of Penn.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	22-9
" 16.—Yale.	New York.	Yale.	9-5

HARVARD.

College.	Place.	Won by.	Score.
May 2.—Williams.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	10-4
" 5.—Princeton.	Princeton.	Princeton.	12-5
" 7.—U. of Penn.	Philadelphia.	U. of Penn.	26-7
" 10.—Brown.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	7-4
" 12.—Amherst.	Amherst.	Harvard.	4-2
" 19.—Brown.	Providence.	Harvard (6 innings).	6-3
" 23.—U. of Mich.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	7-5
" 26.—U. of Penn.	Cambridge.	U. of Penn.	11-3
" 30.—Princeton.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	10-4
June 2.—Princeton.	New Haven.	Princeton.	11-4
" 8.—U. of Vt.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	17-9
" 9.—Brown.	Providence.	Brown.	8-2
" 13.—Brown.	Cambridge.	Brown.	14-4
" 21.—Yale.	Cambridge.	Yale.	5-1
" 26.—Yale.	New Haven.	Yale.	2-0

Out of 81 games played since the inauguration of their series, in 1868, Yale has won 43 to Harvard's 35.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, the most important of the season thus far, showed Hovey in the consistently winning form of the preceding week at Longwood. With the exception of one to Hobart, he won every other match, exhibiting steadier tennis than he has usually developed so early in the year. Hobart's general play was not so good; he continually lost points by driving into the net or out of court; while Chace continues improving, and bids fair to make a stronger fight for the All-Comers' Cup next month than ever he did. Wrenn is badly out of form, and will need a great deal of practice to put him in championship condition. The following standing of the players gives the story in brief:

* Default.	Hovey.	Hobart.	Chace.	Foote.	Wrenn.	Won.	Lost.
Hovey		1	2	2	1	6	1
Hobart	1		1	1	* 1	4	3
Chace	0	1		2	* 1	4	3
Foote	0	1	0		1	2	5
Wrenn	0	0	0	0		0	4

W. A. Larned won the Middle States Championship handily from R. D. Stevens (holder)—6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2—at the close of a tournament that had shown very little interesting play. Stevens was not quite up to his best form, but Larned, although beginning wild, was very brilliant in the third and fourth sets, and the ex-champion's hardest game could not have altered the result.

At Tuxedo, Malcolm Chace and A. E. Foote have strengthened their position in the tennis world, the former by defeating Clarence Hobart for the cup—8-6, 0-6, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3, and the latter by beating E. L. Hall two straight on his first appearance this season. Besides which, Foote beat Millett, and Chace and Dean Miller beat E. L. Hall and O. S. Campbell in doubles, and were in turn beaten by Foote and John Howland in the finals. Chace's form against Hobart was the best he has ever shown, and his lobbing clever and well-timed. In the second and fourth sets Hobart was invincible, but for the rest he lost accuracy when Chace ran to the net, and drove enough balls out of court and into the net to defeat himself, as the analysis of the match shows. He maintained his speed in forehand drives to the end, and when he held himself together exhibited as brilliant form as ever he did. Placed balls—Chace, 24; Hobart, 53. Aces on service—Chace, 2; Hobart, 0. Double faults—Chace, 10; Hobart, 8. Driven into net—Chace, 31; Hobart, 50. Out of court—Chace, 55; Hobart, 70.

WHATEVER THE CURRENT YACHTING SEASON may lack in quantity has been largely atoned for in the quality of racing afforded by the Larchmont, Seawanhaka Corinthian, and New Rochelle club regattas. The New Rochelle proved quite one of the most successful the club has ever held, and was particularly interesting from bringing together for the first time five of the new class of 21-footers—H. B. Duryea's *Vaquero*, W. Butler Duncan Jun.'s *Houri*, W. P. Douglas's *Adelaide*, George Work's *Minnetonka*, and W. Gould Brokaw's *Flirt*, all fin keels but the last, which is a centreboard. It was the second meeting of the season between *Minnetonka* and *Houri*, the latter having rather easily defeated the other in their first encounter at the Knickerbocker regatta, and these two were expected to furnish the most exciting racing of the class. *Minnetonka* in her first race was rather an inferior boat in windward work, though reaching and running like a race-horse, but she had been stiffened for New Rochelle, and though a bit tender, she gave the most marvellous performance probably ever seen on the Sound. Starting three minutes and a quarter after *Adelaide*, and losing about twelve minutes on the course, reefing in a squall, she nevertheless finished three and a half minutes before the second boat—*Adelaide*.

Houri found a new and speedy rival in *Adelaide*, which beat her by over a minute, and *Vaquero* would likely enough have made up the few seconds *Houri* won over her had she not lost time and chances by rounding the wrong mark. *Vaquero* crew seem prone to rounding the wrong mark, having disqualified their boat similarly in the Seawanhaka-Corinthian special, though managing to cross the line before *Houri*. Another new member of the class, William Osborn's fin keel *Maysie*, made her appearance in the Corinthian race, but did not show the turn of speed of the other two.

Houri, *Vaquero*, *Minnetonka*, *Adelaide*, and another new one, *Blonde and Brunette*, all came together in the Larchmont regatta, but neither *Houri* nor *Minnetonka* finished, and *Vaquero* raced away from the others in hollow fashion. Again in a special given by the Westchester Country Club, Saturday, the *Vaquero* raced away from all competitors, beating *Minnetonka* and *Adelaide* by about 8 and 11 minutes, and the second boat, *Dorothy*, by over a minute. It looks very much as if Mr. Duryea's boat was the fastest of the lot, though none of the others seem yet to have settled to consistent form.

OF RACING IN THE LARGER CLASSES, *Emerald* and *Ariel*, *Loyal* and *Viator*, *Wasp* and *Gloriana*, and *Gossoon* and *Minerva* have furnished some of the best sport in any season, at the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and Larchmont regattas. The latter, on July 4th, was a record event, the harbor being full of boats, upwards of fifty starting in the races. The great event of the day was *Emerald's* victory over *Ariel*, and, more surprising still, on windward work, in which the latter has heretofore excelled in all their dual contests. Mr. Maxwell has evidently been doing something to his boat. *Wasp* continues to show consistent form, and to win from *Gloriana*, though the latter had hard luck in running out of wind on the 4th. Another event of the day was the defeat of *Loyal* by *Viator*.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian regatta was no less successful, and was the one, in fact, to reveal *Emerald's* new form, for there it was she gave *Ariel* the first defeat of the season. *Viator* was not so successful as later at Larchmont, and lost to *Loyal*, but both were given a surprise and a nine-minute beating by a new member of the 63-foot class—*Serkara*—owned by Nathaniel L. Francis, and designed by Stewart (the late George) & Binney. The Seawanhakas have done a great deal to encourage sport among the smaller classes, and their special 21-foot race deserved better success, though enough was achieved in the regatta to cover both.

NOTWITHSTANDING "VIGILANT" WAS BEATEN in her first race in British waters, the margin by which she lost was so small and her performance so good as to create hope for her eventual victory. Few yachtsmen have really believed *Vigilant*, or any other American sloop, could win in her first season on the inland courses of Great Britain; we have rather expected defeat on the rivers, biding our time until the *America's* Cup defender could have a go at the English boat on an open sea. But *Vigilant's* showing against *Britannia* in the race of July 5th, on the Clyde, when on a stretch of fifty miles she was second by only thirty-five seconds, throws new light on the possibilities of the American boat. The superior quickness of the Prince of Wales's sloop sent her over the starting-line with the booming of the gun, and a full minute before *Vigilant*. There was a strong breeze blowing, in which *Britannia* stood up stiffer than *Vigilant*, the latter's lee rail being under all the return journey from the first mark. Mr. Gould's racer began to pick up *Britannia* once her course was laid, and on the first round had not only gained back the minute lost at the starting-line, but added two more to her credit, so that she had actually sailed faster by three minutes than her rival. *Vigilant* continued to gain, until, when rounding the mark on homeward trip, she was leading by three minutes and forty-five seconds, or, in other words, had sailed nearly five minutes faster than *Britannia* up to that part of the race.

FROM THIS POINT, HOWEVER, the English boat began cutting down *Vigilant's* lead. *Britannia* held her course in mid-channel, while *Vigilant* hugged the shore, where the wind lulled, and lost entirely the new breeze that sprung up and carried the Britisher past her.

It must have been a thrilling finish, for *Vigilant* was coming on towards the last. Comparing the work of the two boats in the race, *Vigilant* did most of her gaining to the windward and in reaching, but before the wind *Britannia* seemed to run a bit the faster. *Vigilant* for three-quarters of the distance gained steadily, and had outsailed the other nearly five minutes; on the last stretch, with the race practically won, she ran out of wind, while *Britannia*, catching a streak of breeze, was able to get abreast of her. The result of the contest is precisely similar to what may always be expected on a river course, where a race may or may not go to the faster boat.

Vigilant's second contest with *Britannia*, July 7th, in which, over the same course, she was defeated for the Queen's Cup by two minutes of the three allowed the British boat, does not give us so much comfort for future races on river courses. The unfamiliarity with the one-gun starts that obtain on the other side handicapped her one minute at the beginning, and the *Britannia*, which was superbly handled throughout the race, was well under way before *Vigilant* had crossed the line. Once over, she was not long in drawing up on the leader, but *Britannia* had the weather position, and maintained it so skilfully that despite the cleverest seamanship of Captain Haff the American boat could not get ahead until two-thirds of the fifty miles had been sailed. A good breeze continued to the end, and the work of both yachts was of the finest, but whenever *Vigilant* closed up on *Britannia*, the latter managed to keep her blanketed, and the course was not open enough to permit of the American boat going through the other's lee, even assuming that she possessed the necessary speed. When *Vigilant* finally did succeed in gybing herself out of *Britannia's* spell at the last mark, she came away so rapidly that in the remaining two and a quarter miles to the finish she gained one minute, and left little doubt in the minds of the spectators of what the result would have been had the race been in open waters. I have never quite understood why a rule has not been made in yachting to stop jockeying. I fail to appreciate the difference between persistently blanketing a yacht and unfairly crowding a horse or runner on to the pole to interfere with their going. If *Vigilant* can make an even start her chances of winning will be good. Nat Herreshoff was at *Vigilant's* wheel under command of Hank Haff and a native pilot.

THE COLLISION OF "VALKYRIE" AND "SATANITA," and the sinking of the former, will be as deeply regretted on

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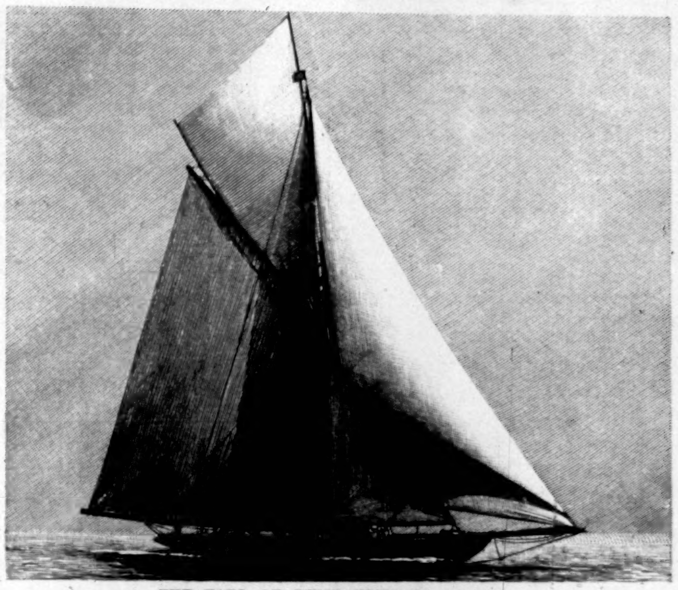
this as on the other side of the Atlantic. Her owner, the Earl of Dunraven, is a sportsman to the backbone, and one whose qualities have gained him admirers on all racing waters. *Valkyrie* was built purposely to challenge for the *America's* cup, for which she unsuccessfully competed last autumn. She was undoubtedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of her designer, G. L. Watson, and one of the best all round sloops that were ever put together. Probably no craft of her size was more seaworthy, while her speed was well demonstrated in her races against *Vigilant*. Since she returned home this summer her sail area had been increased until it closely approximated *Vigilant's*.

If cable reports are not exaggerated, *Valkyrie's* racing days are over, for the season at least, and her place must be taken by *Britannia* if the international racing is to continue, as it undoubtedly will. Of course there will not be the satisfaction, either in victory or defeat, in racing a substitute, that would obtain were *Valkyrie* the contestant, but there will be no interruption in our getting an accurate line on the comparative merits of American and British yachts in the latter's home water. *Britannia* has always been an exceeding close second to *Valkyrie*; some have said that on all-round work she was quite as good. Last year, in their first races, she won the majority; but in those just before *Valkyrie* sailed for this side, Dunraven's boat proved the faster, and was considered, when she came to America, as the best boat in all of Great Britain by about two minutes. This year *Britannia* seems to have added a knot or so to her speed, for in the races with *Valkyrie* she has proved the winner the greater number of times.


THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S "VALKYRIE."
Run down and sunk on the Clyde by *Satanita*, July 5, 1894.

The *Vigilant-Britannia* match race for the 23d, at Cowes, will be given additional interest now since *Valkyrie's* untoward accident.

"VIGILANT" REACHED ENGLAND after a voyage that not only silenced all claims of her inability to cross the ocean on her own bottom in safety, but established a passage record. She made the trip in 14 days 7 hours and 50 minutes, which is the fastest time credited to a yacht of her class, and compares favorably with the best time of the swiftest schooners. The record is held by the schooner-yacht *Sappho*, which in '69 covered the distance from Staten Island to Queenstown Light in 12 days 9 hours and 34 minutes. The schooner *Henrietta*, in '66, in a race for $90,000 against *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, sailed from Sandy Hook to the Needles in 13 days 21 hours and 55 minutes. *Coronet* (schooner), in race against the old *Dauntless*, made the trip from Bay Ridge to Queenstown in 14 days 23 hours and 30 minutes.

Among the sloops, the *Thistle* took 17 days in '87 to reach home after an unsuccessful attempt to win the *America's* cup; *Galatea*, which came over for the same purpose, took 29 days; and *Genesta*, 21 days; *Valkyrie* took 29 days and 18 hours to come over last autumn, and 28 days to return this spring; *Navahoe* used up 19 days in her journey to the other side.

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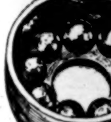

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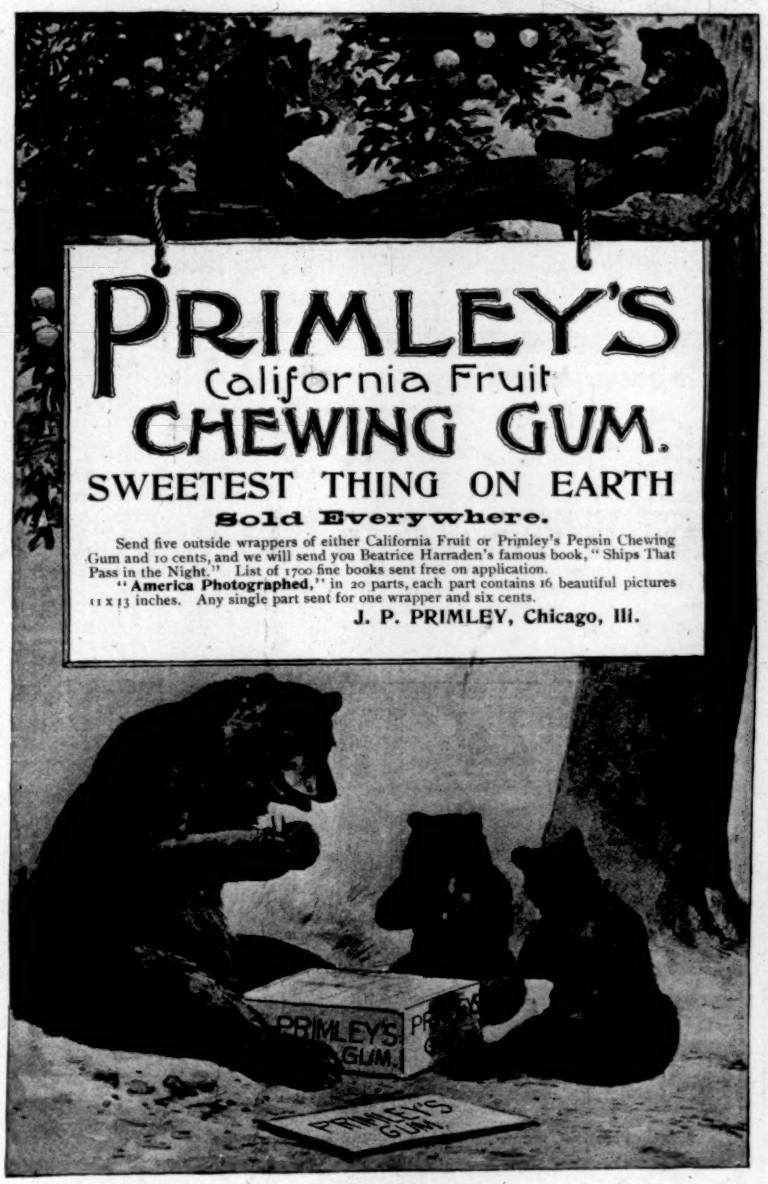

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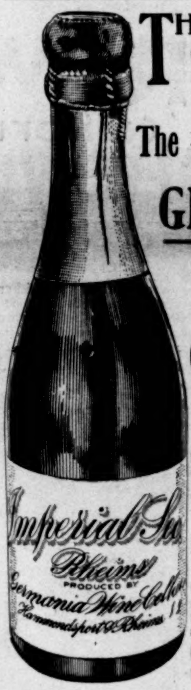

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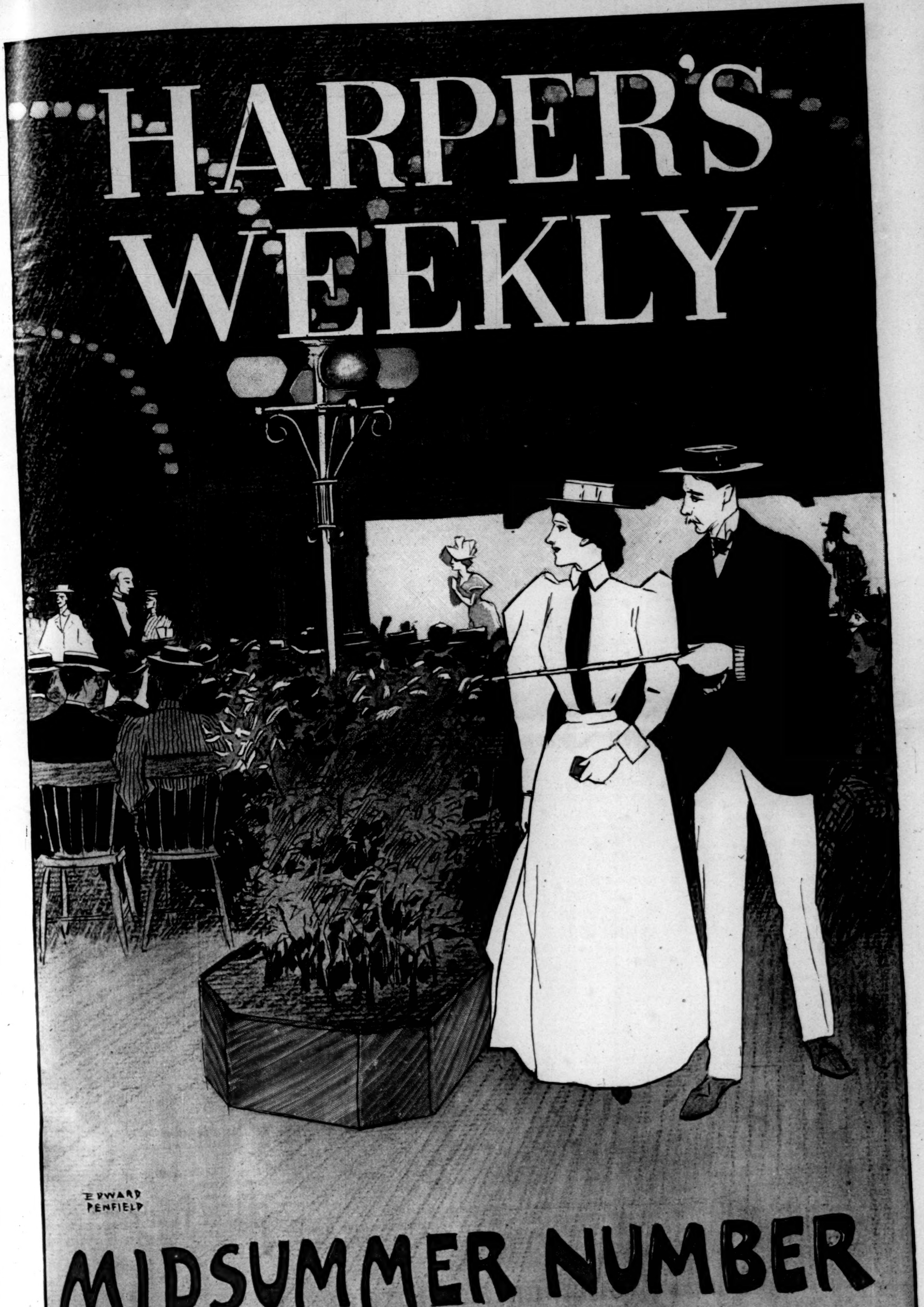
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